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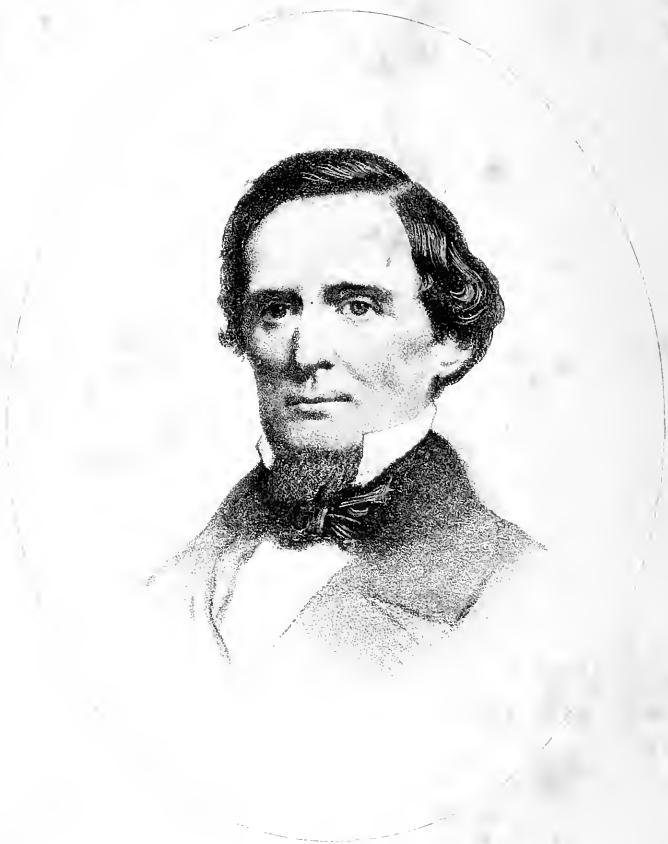
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STEPHEN N. DAVIS
of the State of New York





WAR PICTURES

FROM

THE SOUTH.

BY

B. ESTVÀN,

COLONEL OF CAVALRY IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

With Illustrations.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE, as a refugee, for the second time set my foot upon the rocky shores of Old England, to complete, under the shelter of her glorious banner, a narrative of the remarkable events that occurred during a period of more than eighteen months' campaigning in America, the knowledge of which I acquired from my personal experience as an officer of the Confederate army.

Now that my book is ready, I can confidently place it before the reader, with the assurance that these "War Pictures" have been delineated not only to the best of my ability, but with a conscientious regard to truth.

Although circumstances led me to take service in the Confederate army—my long residence in the Southern States being, how-

ever, the main inducement thereto—I have not been the less disposed to do justice to both sides engaged in this lamentable contest. Thus, while ever ready to bestow my hearty admiration on all the instances that came to my knowledge of heroism, patriotic devotion, and high principled conduct, whether displayed on the part of my own comrades or on that of their opponents, I have, on the other hand, not hesitated to lay bare the errors and blamable acts, by whomsoever committed, that have been conducive to so much disaster and misery, nor have I spared the wrongdoers.

Having completed my task, my thoughts naturally recur to the land wherein this unholy war is raging. To America, my second home, whose image I cling to with fond attachment, I cannot look back without sorrow for her misfortunes. I there contemplate deplorably the spectacle of a people once united, now dissevered through mad dissensions; dissensions which involving in their fatal course the principle of the defence and maintenance of sacred rights, have issued in a suicidal conflict. My memory, in reverting to the fearful scenes

so recently witnessed, painfully recalls those sanguinary battlefields whereon many a gallant soldier breathed out his spirit, struck to death by the bullet of a man whom he had been wont to regard in the light of a brother. Again the gaunt spectre of discord rises before me, with lightning flashing from its eyes, and rancour foaming at its lips, as, armed with a scourge of serpents, it frantically urges on whole populations to mutual destruction !

Now that my book is ready, I dedicate it to the soldiers of the two contending armies, as a greeting from afar. I have only to add, that if some of my criticisms may appear too severe to those whose conduct I censure, I have, in making use of them, been actuated solely by a fearless resolve to tell the truth and state my honest convictions. In the exercise of this, which I claim to be an undoubted right, have I written my book.

THE AUTHOR.

Dover, May, 1863.

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WAR PICTURES.

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SECESSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

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As soon as the election to the Presidency of the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, became known, the South at once made pre-

parations to dissolve the Union, urged thereto by the conviction that henceforth it had no guarantees or safeguard for the preservation of its rights. SOUTH CAROLINA, the mother of the Southern States, took the initiative in this movement, with but little foresight, however, and with very inadequate preparations for an effort of such magnitude; but it had resolved to take up the gauntlet which it conceived had been thrown down by the North in the election of Lincoln; and, on the 20th December, 1860, proceeded to declare itself an independent sovereign State.

Patriots now poured in on all sides, eager to support the young Government, not only by their countenance and counsel, but by deeds, if needful.

Major Anderson, of the United States army, who was in command of Fort Moultrie, one of the strongholds of Charleston, evacuated that post, after burning all the Government stores, spiking the guns, and destroying everything he could; and embarked, on the 20th December, with his detachment of 132 men of the United States army, to take possession of Fort Sumter,

erected on an islet in the middle of the bay. This place offered him greater security; and within its bomb-proof walls he would be able quietly to watch the progress of coming events.

The indignation of the inhabitants of Charleston was intense when the flames arising from Fort Moultrie made them aware of its abandonment and demolition by its late commander. A number of steamers were prepared in all haste, and ordered, with various companies of State troops, to take possession of both Fort Moultrie and Fort Pinkney; which double occupation was effected without bloodshed, the small garrison of the former having already been withdrawn to Fort Sumter.

On the 30th December, Mr. J. B. Floyd, the United States Minister of War, notified to President Buchanan his withdrawal from the Cabinet; and, leaving his offices in the greatest confusion, hastily left Washington for his estates in Virginia. The secession of South Carolina from the Union, however, did not disturb the equanimity of the North, as the people of that portion of the United States were firmly convinced that the Government

could easily put down the rebellion. But the events which occurred shortly after, apprized the North that the Southerners were not unprovided with ways and means to begin a war, and that in the coming struggle they would prove anything but despicable opponents.

Thus the first signal step towards disunion was taken; to what it might lead, no one could then foresee, especially as the first hasty and somewhat imperfect preparations did not imply any very extensive plan of operations. Popular passions were violently aroused; but who could have guessed in those dawning symptoms of strife the disastrous consequences of a fratricidal war, which was destined to overwhelm alike friend and foe, and to undermine the prosperity and wealth of the whole community?

Scarcely had South Carolina seceded from the Union, when I received a commission from two of the most influential Southern leaders, with directions for me to proceed at once to South Carolina, to superintend the military preparations going on there, and the arrangements for bombarding Fort Sumter, where

Major Anderson had taken up his position, and where, under the banner of the Great Republic, it was expected he could hold out to the last extremity. My arrangements for departure were speedily made, and I was ready to start on my knight-errant mission. On quitting Richmond, the dreary morasses and monotonous rice, cotton, and tobacco-fields of Virginia and of North and South Carolina were quickly passed; for the railway runs in a continuous line through this unpicturesque portion of the South. After a twenty-five hours' journey, the train came to a stand-still, and the voices of the guards announced to the drowsy passengers the welcome news that we were at Charleston. All was now life and bustle; we had arrived at the theatre of impending war.

An omnibus took me quickly to Mills' Hotel, the best in Charleston, and far surpassing those of Richmond. After I had made myself presentable, I proceeded to the dining-room, to restore my somewhat wearied faculties. Here I found at the well-supplied table a host of Southern cavaliers, who seemed to enjoy the good things before them with considerable

gusto. The events of the day were loudly discussed among them, and strong words uttered against the Government at Washington. Several of these gentlemen had already donned brilliant uniforms; and as they clanked their spurs, rattled their swords, and made dashing inroads upon the viands before them, I could hardly fail to be impressed by such evidences of chivalrous courage.

As soon as dinner was over, I hastened to deliver my despatches to his Excellency Mr. Pickens, Governor of the State of South Carolina. In him I found a perfect gentleman, full of amiability and courtesy; and on my applying to him for the necessary information to guide me in my endeavours to ascertain the military resources of South Carolina, he ordered one of his numerous aide-de-camps to attend me, besides directing that I should be provided with horses and a negro servant. Captain Nelson, the officer in question, at once tendered his services with that urbanity peculiar to the planters of the South; and, much pleased with my reception, I left the Governor's head-quarters to pay my respects to the Hon.

Porcher Mills. After passing through some of the principal streets, we came in view of the Bay of Charleston. The sight which now burst upon me was so enchanting that I stood on the shores of the bay gazing with delight upon the noble spectacle before me. It was one of those glorious visions of beauty which, once seen, can never be forgotten. The magnificent deep-blue waters of the bay lay slumbering before me, and from out their midst arose the unsightly, dingy walls of Fort Sumter, with its formidable-looking guns and casemates; whilst a gentle south wind caused the majestic flag raised in the centre of the fort to give its ample folds to the breeze, displaying the Stars and Stripes to the many thousand citizens of Charleston assembled on the beach.

There, in the middle of the bay, within that unseemly mass of dark-looking rock, was housed a small band, all, no doubt, trusty sons of that great Republic whose banner seemed to intimate unmistakably to the crowd of Southern loungers on the opposite shore their resolve either to maintain the post entrusted to their keeping, or to die as brave

soldiers in the performance of their duty. On the left side of the bay stood Fort Moultrie, from the battlements of which was displayed the banner of the Southerners—the Palmetto—which the people glanced at with eyes beaming with proud satisfaction.

I tore myself away reluctantly from the spot, and in company of the officer appointed to escort me, I proceeded to the residence of the Honourable Porcher Mills. This gentleman gave me a hearty welcome, accompanied with repeated offers of service. After a long visit, I and my companion took leave of him, and proceeded to the hotel, in the salon of which we remained but a short time before retiring to rest. I had not, however, been long asleep, when I was aroused by a violent ringing of bells, and by the prolonged blast of trumpets. On hastening down-stairs to ascertain the cause of this turmoil, I found unmistakable signs of military activity all around me, reminding me of scenes I had witnessed in Italy in the year 1848. Halls and stairs resounded to the clank of spurs and swords—music familiar to the ear of an old soldier; and in the

great room below were crowded together military men of every description,—grenadiers, hussars, and others; whilst a corps of cadets had mounted guard in front of the hotel. Moreover, troops of all arms were marching past, and artillery rattled heavily through the streets.

Captain Nelson shortly made his appearance, and with a beaming countenance informed me that orders had just been received for the bombardment of Fort Sumter. President Buchanan had, in fact, rejected the *ultimatum* of South Carolina: namely, the withdrawal of the United States troops from Fort Sumter; and the plenipotentiaries had returned with this virtual declaration of war on the part of the President. All the impediments that had hitherto restrained the impatient Southerners from giving full scope to their courage, vanished as the barriers which had hitherto existed between the belligerents were removed. Some hundred officers were soon assembled in the dining-hall, and the hubbub received additional stimulus from the incessant drawing of champagne-corks, while all present

seemed animated with martial ardour. In a short time Captain Nelson arrived, with horses and servants, and we set out for Fort Moultrie, where Major Ripley, formerly an officer of the regular United States army, held the command, and where the ball was to commence. My charger was a quiet old nag, which never in its life had faced such an excited crowd as that now surging hither and thither. Poor fellow, after having for a long course of years quietly munched his oats and hay in peaceful security, it was now his fate to smell gunpowder all at once, and prove his nerve amidst the thunder of cannon. As if he had some foreboding of what was to happen, he pricked up his ears, and cast shy glances at the military life teeming around us. Nevertheless, without needing the admonition of spur or rein, he readily carried me up the heights which led to Fort Moultrie.

It was a charming day. The sun shone, mild and smiling, upon the deep blue waters of the lovely bay. The green hills on the shore were reflected in the crystal mirror below, and all nature seemed so happy and

peaceful as to present to the mind a strange contrast to the spirit of discontent and war-like strife which then brooded in the breast of man. Leaving our horses, we went on board a steamer, which conveyed us to the fort.

Through my excellent Vogtländer telescope I saw many indications of great military activity in Fort Sumter; guns were being brought into position, and new works thrown up in front of the fort; in short, it was quite clear to my mind that Major Anderson was not only determined to show us his teeth, but to bite hard if necessary. I handed my glass to my friend the Captain, who was standing near me, drawing his attention to the preparations in active progress then making by the commandant of Fort Sumter; observing that so old a fox as Anderson would hardly fail to receive such a distinguished party as ourselves with all due courtesy and attention.

“What the devil do you mean? the confounded fellow is surely not going to fire at us?” anxiously inquired my heroic companion, while his face became remarkably pallid, and

his well-waxed moustache lost considerably in its warlike appearance.

“Believe me, Captain,” I rejoined, “that all those preparations he is so busily engaged in making mean mischief, and denote his intention to make good use of his formidable guns.”

At these words a slight shiver pervaded my companion's frame, and pleading sickness, he retired in a state of trepidation, to find a place of greater security behind the bulwarks of the steamer. The other bold sons of Mars who had accompanied me from Charleston now all gathered around, and pressed me to give them some account of my former military adventures under similar circumstances, which request I readily complied with.

In the midst of my narrative the captain of the steamer shouted out, “Fort Moultrie, gentlemen!” and we all prepared to leave the vessel. On landing, we were warmly welcomed by a number of officers and soldiers of the garrison, assembled at the landing-place, and we then proceeded without delay to the interior of the fort, where we found the com-

mander, Major Ripley, surrounded by a crowd of negroes busy at work. As soon as I made myself known to the Major, he begged me to excuse him for a few moments, as he was anxious to give his final orders in person. It was evident to me at a glance that vigorous warlike measures were in active preparation in the fort. Guns of every calibre were being placed in position; furnaces to heat the shot were getting ready for use; ammunition was being brought to the different batteries, and shot and shell of all sizes piled up in symmetrical pyramids. A portion of the garrison was likewise under arms, in readiness for immediate service, if required; indeed, the whole scene convinced me that the officer in command was an excellent soldier, notwithstanding a few slight mistakes that I could not fail to notice, which showed that his work had come upon him rather suddenly, and that this was, in all probability, the first time in his life he had been on active service. For instance, the defensive works of the fort were of too weak a construction to offer any effectual resistance to the heavy guns of a bomb-

proof fort like that of Sumter. A well-directed bombardment from its formidable batteries, by skilful and experienced gunners, would have knocked Fort Moultrie to pieces in a dozen hours.

One of the chief departments, moreover, that of the hospital, had been very badly provided for. There were no surgeons present, with their assistants, provided with instruments, bandages, ambulances, and other needful appliances, ready for instant attention to such casualties as might occur. There was an utter absence of the usual hospital details on the eve of hostile operations: no surgeons with sleeves tucked up, ready for their grave work, giving directions to their assistants, pointing out where and how their services might be required and turned to the best account. Nothing of the kind was visible, although such precautions were obviously of vital importance to the soldier about to confront a determined foe. The good-natured doctors in Fort Moultrie were strolling about the works in fine uniforms, as if it was an understood thing that there would be no

wounded, and consequently no work for them to do.

As soon as I had made this inspection, which brought a smile to my lips more than once, I went into the inner court, where Captain Nelson imparted the very important news that Major Ripley was awaiting me with a capital bowl of punch. On taking the seat politely offered to me, I found the worthy commander of the fort sitting, like Bacchus, on an upturned barrel. His officers lay around him in picturesque groups, smoking their cigars, and eagerly awaiting the arrival of the punch, which was being brewed by a young cavalry lieutenant. I was most enthusiastically welcomed by Major Ripley and his officers, as I was almost the only European officer serving under their flag. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could upon the bales of cotton placed for our accommodation, whilst a host of slaves handed round the punch, together with excellent Havana cigars. The glasses went merrily round, and many toasts were drunk to the success of the Palmetto State. It was one of those martial

orgies which only the hot-blooded Southerner can fully appreciate and enjoy. We were presently interrupted, however, in our unflinching attack upon the punch-bowl, by the sentry on duty, who conducted an orderly from the Governor in charge of despatches for the commander of the fort. A dead silence now ensued, and all eyes were turned inquiringly towards Major Ripley. As soon as this officer had read the despatch he dismissed the orderly, thrust the papers into his pocket, and telling a young, active, woolly-headed negro to hand him a glass of punch, he thus addressed his companions in arms, who were waiting for intelligence in eager expectation :

“Gentlemen, fill your glasses! As regards the bombardment of Fort Sumter, it is all over for the present.” (Great astonishment manifested at this.) “I am to proceed at once to the head-quarters of his Excellency,” he continued; and then, raising his glass, he proposed a cheer for the Palmetto Republic and its brave sons. This was responded to by a round of cheers from the officers present, in which the garrison outside promptly joined.

This scene, I confess, made me look at the Palmetto banner with thoughts of a rather serious nature.

Major Ripley then turned to Captain Lamb, and handed over to him the command for the day, while I and my companion started forthwith on our return to Charleston. On arriving there we proceeded to the head-quarters of the Governor, to ascertain the cause of the revocation of the previous orders. All the leading men of the State of South Carolina were assembled there.

We learned that after a lengthy debate it had been resolved to abstain from the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and that endeavours should be made to induce Major Anderson by diplomatic means either to evacuate the fort or to capitulate.

Major Ripley, Captain Nelson, and myself then adjourned to my hotel, to recruit ourselves after the fatigues of the day. On our entrance, however, one of the numerous waiters of the hotel handed me a despatch from Virginia, ordering me to start without delay, after my inspection was over, for General

Bragg's head-quarters in the State of Florida, in order to report upon the state of things there, General Bragg having already received orders to take Fort Pickens, which was held by the troops and fleet of the United States.

I was soon ready to commence my journey to Florida and Alabama, and took a hearty farewell of my comrades, whom I had learned to like during our short acquaintance; they made me promise that, should the bombardment of Fort Sumter actually take place, and I should receive information of the fact by telegraph, that I would immediately return to be a witness of the valour and efficiency of the troops of South Carolina. We shook hands all round; and, accompanied by Captain Nelson, I proceeded to the railway.

Here I found my black servant, good old Uncle Sam, who, with his woolly head, came to me with a melancholy look, saying: "Massa Cornel take old Sam with him. Understand horses. Onkel Sam kill all mosquitos." I was really touched by the poor fellow's earnest entreaties as he chronicled all his good qualities, in the hopes of making a favourable impression upon me; so, shaking the old man's hand, I

comforted him at once by telling him that he might come with me. He now gave vent to that unconstrained outburst of joy so characteristic of the negro race when any one of their wishes is gratified. Pushing aside a young ebon-skinned negro who was standing near, gaping at us with open mouth and staring eyes, Uncle Sam exclaimed, in utter forgetfulness of his own coal-black hue, "Get out of the road, you dam black nigger; make place whar Cornel comes!" accompanying his words with a look of magisterial authority.

I requested Captain Nelson to allow me to take Uncle Sam with me as my servant, which he readily assented to. As the train did not start immediately, I sat down in the waiting-room to read the newspapers. At last, when the signal for departure was given, Uncle Sam made his appearance, but completely metamorphosed. A pair of very scanty light-blue trousers encompassed his huge nether limbs; a light-yellow waistcoat brought his powerful chest into high relief; whilst a grass-green frock coat, adorned with gilt buttons, a black broad-brimmed hat,—which also did the duty

of an umbrella; a shirt-collar—the ends of which nearly touched his eyes—and a Patagonian pair of boots none too big for his elephantine feet, completed his costume, of which he seemed ineffably proud. Uncle Sam, who evidently fancied himself irresistible in his new and rather “loud” style of dress, handed me with great dignity into one of the carriages, and then went to look after my luggage. He tramped along the station with that air of importance which negroes are so fond of assuming when they fancy their master to be a man of consideration.

When we were just about to start, Uncle Sam took good care to display himself in all his bravery on the platform of the carriage, that he might gladden the eyes of his admiring brethren, numbers of whom, hearing of his departure, had assembled to see him off. “Good-bye, Bell; don’t forget me,” he shouted out to a thick-lipped ugly negress, as she handed up some fruit. “Bob, don’t forget you owe me ten cents.” “Tim, my compliments to your lady. Onkel Sam is going to the wars, and kill many Yankees. Massa Cornel hab swords.

Good-bye, good-bye;" and thus he took leave, perhaps for ever, of his sable acquaintances.

My new journey was just as monotonous as that from Richmond to Charleston. In Augusta, in the State of Georgia, I made a halt, to have an interview with the Hon. Mr. K——, to whom I had letters of introduction. I found this gentleman a devoted patriot of the great Republic. He shook his head sadly at the startling events in the Southern States, and emphatically condemned the inconsiderate, hasty action of the State of South Carolina, as likely to lead the country to ruin. On my observing to him that the whole of the Southern newspapers approved of the conduct of South Carolina, not a single dissentient voice having been raised against it, he replied, "Yes, yes, the newspapers join in this wolfish howl; but ask the people, appeal to the inhabitants of Georgia, and I will stake my head that four-fifths of the population are in favour of the Union, and opposed to a separation from it. And this is not only the case here," he continued, "but you will find it to be the same in Alabama, North Carolina, and Virginia.

But that portion of the community which has long been waiting for a pretext to get up this revolution has found an opportunity for commencing their odious game in the election of the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln."

I took a cordial leave of this worthy man and patriotic citizen, and continued my journey to Montgomery.

Some of the reflections I had just heard, I could not help fancying had already flashed across my own mind. It was intelligible enough that a factious party, actuated by ambition and restless discontent, with the press at their command, should persistently preach disunion, hoping by the overthrow of the existing state of things to bring about the accomplishment of their designs. I could not forget how majestic had been the growth of the Union, that vigorous plant which had been developed in such strength and power as to command the admiration of the civilized world. Each State was a glorious stem of this noble tree, and each leaf bore the words, Law, Liberty, Prosperity, Concord! These four elements of its flourishing condition were in-

dividually and collectively essential to its further development : a truth felt and cherished by the smallest member of the least part of this colossal Union. Why, then, were not the noxious insects at once crushed which had crept into the calyx of so fair a flower in order to destroy it? Why was not every rotten leaf at once cut off that threatened to poison the sap of the whole plant?

But who could have then dreamt that the small snow-ball moulded by the hand of discord would become ere long a mighty avalanche, increasing as it rolled on, and, in its destructive career, overwhelm thousands of the homesteads of peace?

MONTGOMERY, in the State of Alabama, was selected by the revolutionary party as the place best suited to concoct their schemes, and to lay out their plans in undisturbed security. On my arrival in this small town I found the greatest excitement and flurry prevalent amongst the citizens, who had assembled together by thousands. With some difficulty I procured a lodging for myself and Uncle Sam, and then hastened to the Capitol, where I

had a short interview with some of the members of the Southern Convention, who were then holding a sitting. Without allowing myself any further respite, I proceeded at daybreak next morning to the seat of war in Florida, to investigate the state of affairs there.

At PENSACOLA, a miserable little town on the Mexican Gulf, in a sandy plain where yellow fever and alligators had it all their own way, was posted the army of the famous General Bragg, who, from this point, commenced operations to storm FORT PICKENS, situated in the middle of the bay, which post was then covered and defended by a United States squadron and a small body of troops. Hitherto General Bragg had done nothing except to concoct and issue forth his pompous reports to the world. The impression he made upon me was precisely that of a strolling acrobat standing outside his booth, announcing the wonderful things that were to be seen within. It must be admitted, however, that his reports and bulletins were calculated to produce a telling effect in exciting the masses. Here is a specimen of the style of these

precious effusions: "Prepare your cannon to destroy the world! I will disperse the dogs to the four winds! Not one stone of the fort shall remain upon another!"

In short, by such laconic proclamations he successfully courted the approval of the multitude, who began to fancy that Bragg was the only general in the world worth having—in short, a second Alexander the Great. Indeed, if big words sufficed to make heroes, there would be no lack of supply in America; but as a makeweight they have happily a local proverb which teaches them that "Words are not cents!"

Bragg would not allow me to open my lips, but, in wild excitement, at once launched forth a vainglorious boast, that in less than four weeks he would capture Fort Pickens, put the garrison to the sword, and blow it in the air. "All this is very well, General," I quietly observed; "but what measures have you taken to carry out this great plan?" On this point, however, the gallant General declined to enter into any explanations; it was his wish, he said, (pulling up his shirt-collar at the same time,

as if to give weight to his words,) to astonish the public by his success. After this rather unsatisfactory interview, I proceeded along the shores of the bay to inspect his camp and the condition of his army. The defensive works were of the most primitive kind, and constructed with a carelessness which might have led to the supposition that we were in a state of peace, had it not been that a hostile fort opposite stood where the vigilant activity of the enemy was evident enough.

The sun's rays were so fierce that the dry sandy soil glowed with scorching heat. I therefore ordered a horse, and rode, accompanied by General Bragg's first aide-de-camp, Major Self, through the camp. Major Self was a good-humoured cavalry-officer, who might be a good soldier, but he was rather too enthusiastic an admirer of GENERAL BRAGG, and was never tired of talking about the great things which the General *intended to do*. The troops assembled here consisted exclusively of volunteer militia, who had only been a few weeks in the service. They were a set of fine-looking young men. Camp-life

had given them much of the fantastical appearance of the French troops in Algeria, but they lacked their light-hearted good-humour and ready wit; they seemed, at any rate, greatly to enjoy their military life : it was a relief from the monotonous routine of their plantation existence, and this change in their habits seemed to be not at all unpalatable to them. I had only been a few days in the camp when the news arrived that the Convention at Montgomery had elected JEFFERSON DAVIS as President, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS as Vice-President of the Confederacy. I took a hasty farewell of General Bragg and of the chief of the staff; ordered Sam to pack up my things, and on that same evening started on my way back to Montgomery.

In a very short time the circumstances of the South had undergone a great change. After the secession of South Carolina, that of other Southern States soon followed. Early in January, 1861, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida seceded from the Union, and at the end of the same month Georgia and Louisiana

did the same. Texas seceded in February. So that in less than three months after the election of President Lincoln all the cotton States had separated from the Union, taking, moreover, at the same time, the precaution to seize all State property, with the exception of the forts in Charleston Bay and Fort Pickens in Florida, which were held by the troops of the United States, who did not show the least inclination to give them up at the first bidding.

At the end of January the Legislature of the State of Virginia proposed a Peace-Congress, to avert, if possible, the calamity of a civil war. This Congress actually met on the 9th of February at Washington, for the purpose of taking counsel to devise friendly and conciliatory measures calculated to quench the smouldering sparks of revolution, and Mr. Tyler, a former President of the United States, was elected to preside; but after a few days' sitting the Congress broke up, as it was found impracticable to come to any understanding. The seceding States thereupon organized a Government of their own, and

thus laid the foundation of the future Confederacy.

The delegates of the six seceding States met at Montgomery, and there, on the 8th of February, a constitution for the Confederate States was framed and adopted. The Congress then proceeded to the election of a President and Vice-President, and after some discussion, JEFFERSON DAVIS was, as already stated, elected President, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, Vice-President of the Confederacy.

I looked forward with no little interest for the arrival of President Davis, who, I learned, was, on the news of his election, hastening to Montgomery to assume the functions of his office. On the 19th February he made his solemn entrance into that town amidst the ringing of bells and the roar of cannon. Followed by a host of office-hunters, he found a still greater number of the same gentry awaiting his arrival. The 22nd February was the day fixed upon for the installation of the President. The ceremony took place with all the pomp that was possible under the circumstances. Bells pealed, salutes were fired,

and military detachments from every part of the Confederate States came forward to take a share in the great show. But the whole thing was done in such a hurry that the election, arrival, and installation of the President were scarcely made public before they were accomplished. It almost seemed as if there had been a previous rehearsal, so rapid was the performance. On the 22nd February, at 2 P.M., the Southern States possessed a President and a Cabinet, and the people stared at each other in amazement, not exactly understanding how this hasty election came about. A candidate for the Presidency had arrived in the night without the people knowing anything about it, without giving the citizens time to vote for or against him. Some politicians naturally took advantage of this to treat the citizens of this free country as serfs, and the latter, silently and without a murmur, put up with this contemptuous treatment of their rights. But not to allow them time to brood over their wrongs, the Government immediately took measures which were well calculated to completely bewilder them.

Forts Moultrie and Pinckney in Charleston Bay were taken possession of as we have seen, as also were Forts Pulaski, Jackson, and Philippi. The arsenals at Baton-Rouge and Mount Vernon, the Custom-House at New Orleans, and the Mint were also seized, the cash found there confiscated, and new officials appointed.

At this period the court of the newly elevated Jefferson Davis was thronged by all those who had contributed in the slightest degree to rend asunder the republic of the United States. It seemed as if from every part of the land the crows had flocked together to share in the anticipated feast. The ex-Minister of War, Floyd, played no unimportant part here, as also a certain Mr. Tochman, formerly of the New York bar, who was at once appointed a general of brigade. A great number of former officials in the United States service, both civil and military, joined the new Confederacy. Many of these gentlemen had a convenient elasticity of conscience, and understood perfectly well how to proclaim their love of country and disinterested

conduct; while the Government which comprised within itself many similar elements, had naturally no cause to disavow this outburst of patriotic feeling. These men were, accordingly, received with open arms, and appointed to good situations.

Whilst the revolution was gradually preparing on a large scale in the South, the Buchanan Cabinet at Washington displayed an indifference which bordered upon insanity, to say the best of it. The relief of Fort Sumter, for instance, where Major Anderson was shut up with 132 men, was then apparently not even thought of; and the 4th March, the day fixed for the installation of the Republican President, Abraham Lincoln, was fast approaching.

To reach Washington, Lincoln had so many obstacles to overcome on the way, that probably some men in a similar position would have turned back; but quietly and calmly did this simple, clear-headed man pursue the course he had laid down for himself; and, despite all hindrances, not dismayed even at the pious wishes of the Southerners that he might come to

serious grief on the road, he arrived safely at the capital of the United States.

The hour for his installation at last struck, and General Scott, commander-in-chief of the United States army, received instructions to take all possible precautions to put down any attempt at an outbreak, as it was currently reported that a great demonstration had been resolved upon by the many thousand Southerners who had assembled on the occasion. The old General displayed the greatest activity on this occasion. He occupied the Capitol with regular troops ; he ordered the bye-roads which lead into Pennsylvania Street, the main avenue leading from the President's house to the Capitol, to be closed ; while the flat roofs of the houses were occupied by riflemen, and large bodies of infantry and cavalry were stationed at various points, ready at a given signal to act in concert. Cavalry was ordered to form the advanced and rear-guards of the Presidential procession, and to serve also as an escort. The marine brigade in the port was likewise ordered to be ready in case of any emergency.

A portentous cloud thus hung over the Capitol of the Union. Had a single unlucky shot been fired, the city of Washington was doomed; for General Scott was not the man to shrink at trifles, and would certainly have cleared the streets with grape had any mad attempt been made to oppose the installation of the President. When favourable reports from different quarters came in on all sides, the old General, addressing his officers, said: "Thank Heaven that I was not compelled to have recourse to force, for in that case it would have been a very sad business."

Merry peals of bells and the roar of cannon announced the ceremony of the installation. Thousands of people had arrived from all parts to see the old rail-splitter of Kentucky installed in one of the highest of earthly dignities, and I too formed one of the curious spectators. The procession which left the White House was headed by a number of volunteers, detachments of military, and various deputations; then came a plain carriage, wherein sat the ex-President Buchanan, and, on his right, his successor, Abraham Lincoln.

The President elect appeared pale and careworn from the fatigue and excitement he had undergone, and he cast a weary and cold glance at the moving mass of human beings at each side of the procession. Was he endeavouring to discover his Brutus among them?

Buchanan sat at his side with a beaming face; it was quite clear he was delighted at being relieved from the duties of his responsible position. The representatives of foreign States followed the simple carriage of the President in magnificent equipages, attended by the whole *personnel* of their respective embassies and consulates in their official costumes.

President Lincoln made his inaugural speech—a serious and dignified oration—from the east portico of the Capitol. He swore solemnly with upraised hand that he would observe and defend the rights and laws of the United States, and that he would govern in such wise that he should be able one day to render a good account of his acts before his Supreme Judge. He declared that there was no necessity for the shedding of blood, or to have recourse to force, at least not *unless*—and he placed great

emphasis upon that word—the insurgent people should drive the Government to it. He further declared that he should make use of the power entrusted to him by the majority of the people to maintain with a firm hand, under all circumstances, every town and citadel which belonged to the Government.

In the South, President Lincoln's speech was looked upon as tantamount to a declaration of war, especially when it was found that he had conferred the most important Government appointments upon the most determined enemies of the South. Thus he appointed:—

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, President of the Ministry.

SALMON P. CHASE, Minister of Finance.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR, Postmaster-General.

ANSON BURLINGAME, Ambassador to Austria.

CASSIUS CLAY, „ to Russia.

C. SCHURZ, „ to Spain.

J. E. HARVEY, „ to Portugal.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, „ to England.

In the Council of State, C. Summer was appointed President for Foreign Affairs; W. Fessenden, President of the Finance Depart-

ment; and H. Wilson at the head of that for Military Affairs. Mr. Douglas, the leader of the Democratic party, paid great court to the President, and during the installation ceremony held his hat in his hand. At the ball which took place afterwards he paid the greatest attention to the President, and to Mrs. Lincoln. Evil tongues spoke disparagingly of this, and attributed his conduct to interested motives: we prefer remaining silent on the subject.

On President Lincoln's accession to the Presidency the condition of the finances was far from discouraging. There was a balance in the treasury of 60 millions of dollars, while the daily receipts at the Custom House amounted to 80,000 dollars. In fact, the Government found itself in this point of view in a sufficiently comfortable position. The War-office alone, under F. B. Floyd's administration, was found to be in a state of great disorder; the head of that department having thought the moment very opportune to join the banner of the Confederacy with all the material aid he could bring to them, and to retire to his estates.

Meantime, the Confederate Government, stumbling from one step to another, burning

all its bridges behind it, so as to prevent any possibility of a reconciliation, sent Mr. Crawford of Georgia, and Mr. Forsyth of Alabama, as delegates to Washington to negotiate the withdrawal of the United States troops from Forts Sumter and Pickens. Moreover, in consequence of the separation of the South from the North, they were to make proposals respecting a division of territory. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, declined, however, to receive them as delegates from a sovereign State.

Whilst the greater portion of the population of the South anxiously watched the course of events, many still hoping for a peaceful settlement, I had long given up all such hopes, believing that the men who took the lead in the South were determined to oppose any attempt at reconciliation. Most of these men, it appeared to me, had little or nothing to lose, but hoped to gain a good deal, and, consequently, were decidedly in favour of forcible separation. As soon as the festivities of the installation were over, I started for Charleston.

Military committees now sat daily in Washington, under President Lincoln, to concert

measures for sending reinforcements, ammunition, and provisions to Fort Sumter. These sittings lasted for nearly a fortnight, without any important decision having been adopted. The new Minister of War at length took steps to be prepared for any eventuality. The regular troops stationed on the southern frontier were recalled to Washington; the naval squadrons in all parts of the world were ordered to return home, with the exception of those vessels whose duty it was to protect the commercial interests of the United States at sea. Washington soon had the appearance of a great military school. These arrangements proved that the Government was aware of the critical state of affairs. In fact, it was high time that order should be restored out of the confusion which had arisen during the latter period of Buchanan's presidency, and that nothing should be wanting to show the firm resolve of the United States Government to bring back to the Union, either by conciliatory measures or by force of arms, those States which were declared to be in open rebellion.

On the other hand, the Confederate Government had not been idle. Three military bills passed the Congress sitting at Montgomery, which was also temporarily the seat of the Government. The first bill empowered President Davis to call out 100,000 volunteers for service; the second, to organize a regular Confederate army; the third, to form a local force. What, however, most alarmed the United States Government at Washington, was the fact that a great number of officers of the army and navy were leaving the service of the United States to join the Confederates.

At this trying time for the Government at Washington, many governors of Northern States tendered aid in both men and money. It was also resolved that the Government should be empowered to employ the military force at its disposal, if no other means could be found, to suppress the rebellion of the Southern States. As soon as Lincoln's Government found that the Northern States intended to support it manfully with every means at their disposal, it was decided at once that reinforcements of men and supplies should

be sent to Fort Sumter. With the view, moreover, of avoiding, if possible, even at the last moment, all aggressive measures, Colonel Laman was sent to South Carolina, on a special mission to Governor Pickens, with the notification that the Government intended to send supplies to Fort Sumter. Governor Pickens listened quietly to the notification, but made no reply to indicate how the Government of South Carolina intended to act under the circumstances.

It was now resolved at Washington that not a minute should be lost in taking active measures. The Navy Board received orders to issue the necessary instructions to get the fleet ready at once for service. The greatest activity was displayed in all the dockyards, and in the arsenals of Troy and Watertown, where the works were carried on day and night. A great number of steamers and sailing vessels were purchased, large contracts entered into for war materials, and at last the Washington Cabinet showed the people that it was going earnestly to work. Recruiting for the regular army was carried

out with no little success, so that in a very short time from 12,000 to 15,000 troops were assembled on Governor's Island.

On the 6th April, the naval officer in command of the squadron apprized the Secretary of the Navy that he was awaiting further orders.

The force ready for service consisted of:—
The POWHATTAN frigate, carrying 10 heavy guns, with a crew of 400 men;
The Cutter, HARRIET LANE, 8 heavy guns, with a crew of 100 men;
The Sloop of War, PAWNEE, 10 heavy guns, with a crew of 150 men;
together with the BALTIC, the ATLANTIC, the ILLINOIS, and other steamers; the squadron numbered altogether 11 ships, carrying 285 guns and 2400 men.

There was now no doubt that the first blow would be struck against Charleston. President Lincoln hesitated no longer, and showed to the world his determination, if all attempts at peace should fail, to have recourse to arms.

The Southern Government at Montgomery

was, through its spies, kept perfectly well informed of all President Lincoln's measures, and appointed T. G. Toussaint Beauregard commander of Charleston, with the rank of general in the Confederate army.

Beauregard had this appointment bestowed upon him without much being known about his military talents. The son of a rich planter in the State of Louisiana, he was educated at the Military Academy at West Point, and, on leaving that institution, he obtained a second-class certificate. When the Mexican war broke out, he is reported to have distinguished himself as a captain of Engineers, and was twice honourably mentioned for his brave and meritorious conduct in the battles of Conteras and Churubusco. After the battle of Chapultepec, he was promoted to the rank of major. On the termination of the Mexican war, he received a commission from the United States Government to construct a mint and custom-house in New Orleans; he was subsequently appointed Director of the Military Academy at West Point, by President Buchanan.

That appointment, however, was cancelled forty-eight hours after it had been made, and he then joined the army of the Confederacy, with the rank of general.

On my return to Charleston, I found a complete change in the aspect of the place, the whole town and its neighbourhood having the appearance of a vast camp. An army of 30,000 men was assembling against Fort Sumter and its small garrison, just as if a place as strong as Gibraltar was about to be invested. Including the United States squadron, which was cruising in the vicinity, the enemy could not oppose to this force more than 2500 men.

Beauregard displayed great activity in his operations. He ordered siege works to be erected on Morris and Sullivan's Islands, and batteries to be placed in position, many, indeed, without any apparent object. As soon as a mound of earth was thrown up and a gun mounted, a commander of a battery rose, like magic, from the earth. In a short time, no less than thirteen batteries were noted down in Governor Pickens's list, with Forts Moultrie and



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Pinckney, under the able management of Major Ripley, and there were also two colossal iron-plated ships. The preparations portended a tremendous siege and bombardment, and my curiosity was greatly excited.

To stimulate the energy of the troops, Governor Pickens visited the different quarters accompanied by his beautiful wife and his niece. Grand parades were held, flags presented to the different regiments by fair hands, and patriotic speeches made; in short, both officers and men declared that they were determined to conquer or die before Charleston. Oh, Sumter! poor Sumter! thy doom, thought I, is near at hand!

Whilst all these preparations were going on outside that stronghold, Major Anderson, within its walls, was not idle. When he took possession of Fort Sumter, it was in a very tolerable state of defence; according to the statement of well-informed Americans, the fort was bomb-proof. It lies about three English miles from Charleston, and is a prominent feature in the bay. It is built upon an artificial islet, having a foundation of sand and

mud, which, by sunken blocks of stone and granite from the quarries of the Northern States, had been transformed into a hard and solid mass. Some idea may be formed of the cost and care bestowed on its construction, from the well-known fact that the foundation alone cost more than half a million of dollars, and took ten years in completion.

The walls, covered with slate and masonry, were sixty feet in height, with from ten to twelve feet thickness, containing three galleries on the north, east, and west sides. Major Anderson found more guns and ammunition there than his small garrison needed. As regards supplies, he was equally well off, for since the 24th of December, 1860, the State of South Carolina had taken care to send them in regularly.

Nothing now remained to put these works and the skill of the commander to the test but a little real fighting.

On the 8th of April, an agent of the Government at Washington made his appearance at General Beauregard's head-quarters, with the intelligence that the United States had de-

spatched a squadron with supplies for Fort Sumter. General Beauregard at once forwarded the despatch to his Government at Montgomery, and shortly after received a despatch in reply from Mr. Walker, the Minister of War, ordering him to demand, categorically, the surrender of Fort Sumter, and, in case of refusal, to commence the bombardment without delay. General Beauregard sent his first aide-de-camp, bearing a flag of truce, to Major Anderson, and through him peremptorily demanded the surrender of the fort. The Major smiled at so *naïve* a demand, and stated in reply that his honour and his duty compelled him to hold the fort for his Government. On being asked whether he intended to treat the unprotected city as a hostile town, he replied, "Only if I am compelled to do so." So ended the parley.

President Lincoln's message created a lively sensation amongst the good people of Charleston, especially as, at the same time, Governor Pickens issued an order calling upon all men from eighteen to forty-five years of age to assemble at the Capitol for the purpose of

being formed into new regiments. Further orders were sent into the immediate neighbourhood for the creation of four other regiments of infantry and two regiments of cavalry. It was not until then that *ambulances* were prepared for the wounded, and that the medical men of the town and vicinity were ordered to join the army. The Government, indeed, was intent on taking measures, as if some great battle was on the eve of being fought. When at last seven guns were fired as a signal for the men of Charleston capable of bearing arms to present themselves at the Capitol, the excitement in the population knew no bounds. Every man seized upon some weapon or other, no matter what, resolved to fight in good earnest.

It was a curious sight to see men carrying guns without locks, bayonets without muskets, Turkish sabres too, and some men even had an old French cuirass buckled on; all anxious to play a part in the attack on Fort Sumter, then quietly reposing three miles off in the middle of the bay.

Drums beat throughout the whole of the

night, and the bells kept ringing so incessantly that Major Anderson and his little garrison must have been in an awful state of alarm. At the corner of every street, in every bar-room, crowds assembled and warlike speeches were made, whilst cannon rattled along the pavement, and bodies of horse and foot marched past in rapid succession. The elder portion of the community took upon themselves the duties of police, whilst the blacks looked on with a shrewd eye to see if perchance anything might turn up in their favour. Every man was determined to do something, and these disinterested citizens made such a noise and confusion that one might have fancied they were so many Bedlamites. To add to the tumult, about midnight one of those terrible storms so common in the Southern States burst forth; the thunder pealed and roared to an extent that threatened to shake the earth to its centre, and the lightning flashed in forks of lurid light through the dark rolling clouds, until the storm terminated in real torrents of rain. It was a grand

spectacle of Southern nature in one of its most striking aspects.

As early as half-past four on the morning of the 12th of April, orders were sent to Major Ripley, at Fort Moultrie, and to Captain Wilson, commander of the battery on Cumming's Island, to open fire. The batteries soon commenced firing, and a few minutes afterwards were responded to by the guns of Fort Sumter. Gradually every battery was engaged, and the air resounded with the prolonged roar of heavy guns. The whole population of Charleston was now in the greatest state of excitement. The church-steeple and house-tops were crowded by thousands of spectators eager to see a contest of artillery, and watching with feverish excitement the progress of the struggle. At length all the forts, batteries, and ships were engaged; when suddenly a ship of war of the United States hove in sight, on Charleston Bar. Shortly afterwards a second ship made its appearance, and signals were exchanged with Major Anderson. Beyond this interchange of signals, however, nothing was done in that quarter; the ships

kept at a very respectful distance from our land-batteries, leaving Major Anderson to his fate. As evening came on, the fire from the batteries increased, but evidently producing little or no decisive effect. The firing was kept up by our batteries during the whole of the night, which not only afforded much harmless amusement to the good citizens of Charleston, but as much also to the contending soldiers themselves; for, despite the eighteen hours' bombardment, not one drop of blood had been shed in our batteries; and if Major Anderson had not suffered more from our artillery, he might feel satisfied, on this score at least, with the day's work. The reports received at head-quarters, from the various batteries engaged after eighteen hours' bombardment, up to eleven o'clock at night, established the fact that no casualty had occurred: not one man was killed or wounded, nor was there a disabled gun.

General Beauregard, at the close of the day's proceedings, could therefore wipe, not the blood, but the dust from his sword, and complacently say, "Enough for to-day!"

On the following morning Major Anderson recommenced firing. The soldiers in our batteries had, however, already come to the conclusion that little harm would ensue, and, therefore, did not allow themselves to be disturbed in their usual avocations. Any experienced European officer could not fail, on taking a glance at our camp, to be considerably astonished at the Spartan self-confidence of our men.

About ten o'clock a dense pillar of smoke was seen to rise from Fort Sumter, whilst the flag was lowered half-mast high, as a signal that the fort was in distress. The United States vessels, which had drifted away during the storm, had again collected together near the bar, and made signals to Fort Sumter. Major Anderson returned the compliment by telegraphing back to them that he stood in need of speedy help. Meanwhile the fire which had broken out within the fort had spread to the barracks and officers' quarters. The sudden cessation of fire from its batteries was hailed by a loud cheer from our troops, for all now anticipated the moment when Major Anderson

and his garrison would surrender unconditionally to the triumphant Beauregard and his valiant army.

Notwithstanding that the firing from Fort Sumter had ceased, our troops kept up theirs with renewed energy, as if they feared that this harmless amusement would too soon be over. As the smoke and flames in the fort increased, General Beauregard, true on this occasion to his chivalrous character, despatched one of his adjutants, bearing a flag of truce, to Major Anderson, with the message that he trusted the latter would not take it in bad part if he had done him serious damage, and that in case the Major could not master the fire in the fort by the unaided efforts of his men, he should be most willing to send him a detachment of his own troops to help him to do so.

Major Anderson now thought fit to discontinue further resistance, and ordered the white flag to be hoisted as a sign of capitulation.

I confess that at this moment my sense of military honour suffered a keen pang on beholding the flag of the United States lowered,

and supplanted by the little flag of the Palmetto State of South Carolina.

In this manner did Major Anderson surrender a stronghold of the Republic, when he ought rather to have buried himself under its ruins than have given it up in so pusillanimous a manner. What could have been the motive that impelled him to commit so disgraceful an act I could not possibly conceive. His garrison, during a thirty hours' bombardment, suffered no loss in either killed or wounded; he had ammunition and provisions enough for full twenty days; the works were in a good state of defence; moreover, outside the bar was a squadron of United States ships of sufficient force to give him confidence and eventual succour.

That little Armada could undoubtedly have soon found a favourable moment to get in motion, and enable him to obtain better conditions than an unconditional surrender. He could indeed have claimed more favourable conditions from any enemy, however powerful, if he had but resolved to decline all proposals for at least a week, and with the advantages

he had, he could have defied superior numbers for that space of time. But the commandant of Fort Sumter, by thus prematurely yielding: uncrippled, as he was, except by his own want of resolution; degraded himself in the eyes of all military men—in Europe at least.

Meantime the news of the capitulation spread like wildfire through Charleston, and, as may be imagined, created the greatest sensation. The church-bells began to peal, and the cheers and shouts, and the bombastic boasting and speechifying of men in a condition of mind more like that of lunatics than reasonable beings, produced a most disagreeable impression upon me.

Couriers were despatched with the astounding news of the fall of Fort Sumter throughout the length and breadth of the land, and drove the excited population everywhere into a state of frenzied delight.

When Major Anderson left the fort, where he had sullied his military reputation, he delivered up his sword to General Beauregard, who, in the politest manner, returned it to

him with some well-turned complimentary remarks upon the gallant defence he had made. The Major and the whole of his garrison were allowed free passage to New York, and on their leaving the fort the United States flag was saluted with a salvo of fifty guns. It would seem as if enough powder had not been already wasted in this sham-fighting affair, and so it was deemed advisable to get up a sort of spectacle at the conclusion.

Whilst this complimentary salute was being fired, two of the guns burst, thereby causing four of Major Anderson's men to be mortally wounded. This was the only blood shed during the whole of the operations connected with the capture of the redoubtable Fort Sumter.

This siege and bombardment of Fort Sumter will occupy a conspicuous and not very enviable space in military annals. It will, hereafter, surely be deemed incredible that a bombardment which lasted forty-eight hours, and in which more than 500 missiles from powerful guns were fired, came to a close without causing a single casualty on either side!

The fall of Fort Sumter did not produce the slightest effect upon President Lincoln and his Government; on the contrary, he, as well as the population of the Northern States, thought fit to pay the highest honours to Major Anderson. The President promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general, and his friends hurried in crowds to pay their respects to him.

Some two years have elapsed since that disgraceful capitulation. The name of General Anderson is all but forgotten; and he has not again appeared on any battle-field.

On the 14th April, 1861, President Lincoln issued his declaration of war. It is couched in earnest and dignified terms, and runs as follows:—

“Whereas the laws of the United States have been for some time past, and now are, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial

proceeding, or by the powers invested in the marshals by law ;

“ Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

“ The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department.

“ I appeal to all loyal citizens to favour, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honour, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured.

“ I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to re-possess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union; and in every event the utmost

care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation and destruction of or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country. And I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

“ ABRAHAM LINCOLN.”

In my opinion, this proclamation did not protest vigorously enough against the conduct of the Southern seceding States. President Lincoln ought to have seen, from their energetic preparations, that Jefferson Davis and his supporters were exerting every nerve to do battle, with the Union. He ought to have called out for active service, not 75,000 men, but half a million, and another half million as a reserve. By so doing, he would have given a guarantee to some hundred thousand of dismayed Unionists in the South that he was resolved in earnest to support and protect all loyal subjects throughout the Union.

At Montgomery, President Lincoln's proclamation was received with contempt and derision; illusion reached so far, indeed, that it was rumoured the seat of the Confederate Government might shortly be transferred to Washington, as it was confidently hoped that they would make very short work with the United States. Disaffection to the Union now spread rapidly, and one State after another refused passage to the forces of the United States. Maryland alone, of the Southern States, represented by Governor Hicks, promised the President to support him with troops, in his endeavours to compel the seceding States to rejoin the Union by force of arms. At the same time, Governor Hicks issued a proclamation to the citizens, calling upon them to await quietly and patiently the course of events, as he would soon give them an opportunity, through the election of members for Congress, of expressing their opinion whether they wished to remain true to the Republic of the United States, or whether they wished to range themselves on the side of the Confederate Government.

My mission in South Carolina having terminated with the fall of Fort Sumter, I returned forthwith to the State of Virginia, to watch the course of events there.

On the 15th of April, after nearly three months' absence, I arrived safely at Richmond. The appearance of the good old State of Virginia had undergone a complete change. As I entered its capital, my attention was at once attracted to the motley mass of adventurers who had flocked here from every part of the Confederacy; Baltimore, especially, being well represented. These gentry had positively taken possession of the city, as well as the State, and were powerful enough to overawe the Government.

The fall of Fort Sumter, and the bombastic reports issued in all quarters, glorifying the bravery of the troops of South Carolina, under their great leader, Beauregard, put these vagabonds into the greatest state of ecstasy. They compelled the inhabitants to illuminate the city in honour of that renowned victory, under the threat that all windows not lit up were to be smashed, and the occupants of the

houses ill-treated and handed over to the tender mercies of the rabble. Money and promises from the Government at Montgomery were not wanting to aggravate this sad state of things. At every corner of a street, bar-room brawlers, seasoning their speeches with oaths and curses, might be heard prophesying that on the following day Virginia must leave the Union. An interview, which I had on the very evening of my arrival, with Governor Letscher, who had not escaped insult from the lawless rabble, and with the Honourable John Minor Botts, gave me some hope, however, that the Government of the State of Virginia would make an appeal to the loyal citizens of the United States. Meantime, all that could be done was to await quietly the course of events.

On the following morning, the 18th April, tumultuous crowds assembled at the Capitol, in the square in front of Governor Letscher's house, and, amidst shouts of execration and defiance, demanded the removal of the United States banner, and that the flag of the Confederacy should be forthwith hoisted in its

place. One fellow in this unruly mob was too impatient to wait for formal compliance with this demand, so rushing up the steps of the Capitol, and climbing on to the roof, he attempted to mount the flagstaff that he might tear down the flag of the Union, encouraged and cheered in his efforts by the tumultuous multitude below. He had nearly reached the top when he slipped, and falling on the roof, was severely hurt. This was a bad omen. Shortly afterwards a detachment of soldiers was ordered to the spot to keep the crowd in order. In the afternoon, however, the mob increased to such an extent that the small knot of respectable citizens who resolutely aided the soldiers in their efforts to keep order were driven back, the Capitol taken by storm, the flag of the Union torn down, and that of the Confederacy hoisted.

I could not but feel moved at this outrageous act of the populace, in thus ignominiously hauling down the flag of the Republic, under which I had found a refuge and a home, especially when I saw how deeply affected were many of the bystanders of both sexes—loyal

adherents of the Union—on witnessing the occurrence.

The separation of Virginia from the Union created the greatest enthusiasm amongst those States which had already seceded, for the Confederacy now counted ten States under its iron rule. By the secession of the State of Virginia,—which throughout the whole country, not only from its great extent and prosperity, but from its historical associations and the eminent statesmen it had produced, enjoyed so high a reputation,—the Government at Montgomery hoped effectually to supersede that of Washington. It was firmly believed, moreover, that the State of Maryland would take advantage of this opportunity to leave the Union, and that the Government at Washington would be compelled to remove its seat further northward. All the inducements held out, whether by bribery or otherwise, failed, however, to shake the stanch honesty and strong will of Governor Holyday Hicks, who was determined to remain true to the cause of the Republic.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIOT AT BALTIMORE.

Consequences of the secession of Virginia—The Confederate Government is transferred from Montgomery to Richmond—Riot at Baltimore—Movement of the troops.

It ought not to be matter for astonishment that the Government of Washington was greatly incensed at the secession of Virginia from the Union, for the consequence of that act was that the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, and North Carolina quickly followed, and thereby the Confederate Government was sufficiently strengthened to carry on the war on a grand scale. All the railways were voluntarily placed at the disposal of that Government; and it certainly made the best use of this generous offer. The Congress at Montgomery authorized the Government to contract a loan of five million dollars, which was sub-

scribed for immediately. In all the States which had of late seceded, regiments were raised zealously and at much personal sacrifice. All the male population between the ages of eighteen and forty years pressed forward to be enrolled under the Confederate banner; and, indeed, many men of even sixty years of age would not be deterred from taking up arms for their new Government. It is at the same time true that many regiments were only thus suddenly raised because a number of dues and charges were bound up and connected with their formation. Everybody was enthusiastic in support of the war; in my opinion, however, not so much for the sake of fighting in defence of the Confederacy, as from the opinion that, their States having seceded, matters would be soon, if they were not already, arranged; and none looked forward to the terrible events which were to follow. A great many persons availed themselves of their military position in order to travel on their business avocations, or to make little pleasure excursions at the Government's expense. Equipped in stately uniforms, and

armed to the teeth with excellent weapons from the military store-houses, which had all been seized by the insurgent Government, these gallant soldiers strutted about without any apparent fear or alarm. It was a kind of general masquerade or carnival. That this was to be succeeded by the stern reality of war with its bloodshed and misery never seemed to enter any one's mind. That a future was approaching replete with disaster to the country, which would break up all unity and concord, and lead to the derision of their enemies and the inexpressible sorrow of their friends, was not thought of.

After a while the Government began to put a little military order into this chaos, by placing detachments of troops in the forts of Charleston, Pensacola, Morgan, Jackson, Philippi, and Pulaski; whilst all the forces of the different States belonging to the Confederacy were ordered to the State of Virginia, which latter had been selected for the theatre of war. On the 20th of May, the seat of Government was transferred from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, Virginia; and Jefferson Davis, the

benefactor elect of the people, made his entry into Richmond amidst the vociferations of his friends and worshippers.

Richmond, the capital of the State of Virginia, and virtually, indeed, of the whole South, was at this time, as regards its resources in mechanical industry, quite in its infancy, particularly as respects the manufacture of arms, for which the Confederates would indeed have been badly off, had it not been for the opportune aid they received from F. B. Floyd, the late United States Minister of War, who helped them in their dilemma, dexterously contriving to transfer 115,000 excellent muskets and rifles from the United States military stores at Springfield and Waterfield to the camp of the Secessionists. Thus, at the commencement of the war the South had, thanks to Mr. Floyd's good offices, from 150,000 to 200,000 muskets ready for the equipment of their troops.

The Government at Washington was not idle whilst these movements were occurring in the South, and assembled large bodies of troops. And it cannot be denied that, during the con-

fusion and disorder with which it was at first surrounded, the people of the Northern States generally manifested the same kind of patriotic devotion as had been shown in the days of the great revolution. The men who first responded to the call of their President were the volunteer militia regiments of Massachusetts, who hurried to Washington for the protection of their President and the Republic. The first regiment, on arriving at the railway-station at Baltimore, was obliged, in order to reach the station of the railway for Washington, to traverse the city; a portion of the regiment was then conveyed by the horse-tramway, the rest being obliged to walk. On the news arriving of the approach of these troops, the vagabond population of the place, always ready for mischief, became highly excited; whilst the police, although well acquainted with the intentions of the mob, offered little or no opposition. This passive conduct of the police authorities can only be construed as actually favouring the riot. Encouraged by this inactivity, and excited by drink, the leaders of the mob proceeded to violent acts. The rails were torn

up, and barricades erected in the streets; whilst a part of the rioters, with the Confederate flag at their head, threw themselves in the way of the military, in order to dispute the passage through the town; and stones were thrown at the soldiers, as they were proceeding quietly on their way. Although the officer commanding the troops exhorted the people to let them pass quietly and unmolested, his efforts were in vain, and he was received with groans, hisses, and abuse. This officer maintained perfect self-possession; but when the soldiers were assailed by the mob, and the showers of stones increased, he ordered the drums to beat, and the men to make ready; and presently, at the word "Fire!" a deadly volley was discharged at the rioters, who, armed with knives and revolvers, commenced a regular struggle with the military. The soldiers forced their way, despite repeated attacks, to the railway-station, with the loss of but few men. There, however, they found awaiting them a still more enraged multitude. The directors of the railway had, meanwhile, not been inactive, having hurriedly collected carriages for the con-

veyance of the troops to Washington. Nevertheless, the train was stopped, and the scene at the station became terrific. The soldiers, having taken their seats in the carriages, the mob continued to abuse them, threatening them with their knives and revolvers, howling and cursing at them incessantly. The police at last made some show of interfering, but without effecting much good; and the people were by this time so excited, that any attempt at expostulation was more calculated to inflame than to soothe them.

The train got off at last, leaving the populace howling and raging at the escape of its intended victims; and to compensate for this they completely demolished the station. As the train was moving off, some soldiers fired into the people, who were collected on each side; and, as is but too frequently the case on such occasions, many fell who had taken no active part in the riot. Several respectable citizens of Baltimore paid for their curiosity with their lives, and many others were dangerously wounded. The revolutionary party in Baltimore of which we have already had occasion to speak,

now developed itself and proceeded to great extremities. The railway-bridge over the Susquehanna was burnt down, and Governor Hicks forced unwillingly to join in the movement against the President and the Washington Government. He did not, however, allow himself to be led astray by these would-be representatives of the people of Maryland, and before long placed four regiments at the disposal of the Union Government. For a long while subsequent to these events great disorder and discontent continued to prevail at Baltimore.

Baltimore had to submit to the military power of the Union, whilst the revolutionary element migrated further south. The railroads were soon put in order again, and they enabled the Government to forward from 4000 to 5000 men daily to Washington. The Southern party in Maryland protested in vain against the passage of these troops, as also against the military authorities, who had now taken possession of Baltimore and its fortifications. President Lincoln let them protest as much as they liked, and quietly pursued

his course. General Butler, who was named Military Governor of Maryland, was a proper man to re-establish quiet and order after the riotous proceedings which had taken place. The mayor of the city of Baltimore and all the chiefs of the police were dismissed and sent into the fortress as prisoners, and all rebels and criminals brought before a military tribunal, so that in a short time peace and tranquillity were restored.

In the North nothing was heard of but preparations for the war, and "Down with the rebels!" was the general watchword. Nobody seemed, however, to take the trouble to solve the problem of how this end was to be accomplished.

To prove in black and white that the North had a greater population and more wealth than the South—that it possessed a navy—seemed to be every man's favourite occupation; indeed, the merchants in the North went so far as to announce as an unquestionable fact, that the South would surely be starved, if they resolved simply to withhold corn and other articles of consumption from them.

The warlike plans of the North at this time may be thus succinctly summed up:—

Simply to send 25,000 men across the Potomac to march on Richmond; to send another body of 25,000 men to Cairo on the Mississippi; to close all communications with the West; and to keep 25,000 more men as a reserve force.

In short, the journalists of the North had planned their strategical movements with such nicety and military genius, that a mere parade and march was all that was required for the subjugation of the half-starved Southerners. Soldiers were only enlisted for three months; and it was hoped and expected that the whole campaign would be over in that time. President Lincoln, however, fortunately did not allow himself to be led astray by these newspaper vagaries; and issued a second proclamation, calling out a further body of 45,000 men to serve for the time the war should last; giving orders at the same time for ten additional regiments to the regular army, and for an augmentation of 18,000 men in the navy. From all this it was clearly to be deduced that President

Lincoln fully foresaw the dangers and difficulties of the task he had before him. As soon as a sufficient body of troops had been assembled at Washington, they received orders to cross the Potomac immediately, and to proceed along the Orange and Alexandria Railway in the direction of Richmond; whilst another column was sent from Pennsylvania through Maryland into the valleys of Virginia. The first military act was the occupation of the not unimportant town of Alexandria, which was effected on the 24th of May; on which the Southern troops fell back to the Manassas Junction, where General Bonham assumed the command of South Carolina.

CHAPTER III.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH.

Proclamation of President Lincoln—Virginia the seat of war—General Lee commander-in-chief—Destruction of Harper's Ferry—Establishments at Portsmouth—Burning of the fleet.

ON the 19th April, 1861, President Lincoln issued a proclamation, in which he declared all ports of the Southern States under blockade. Hostilities between the North and South had therefore regularly commenced; troops were drawn together on both sides, and Virginia was generally acknowledged to be the chief seat of the war. It now became the endeavour of both parties to inflict as much damage as possible on each other; and this frequently was carried out with such a spirit of Vandalism as to shock the civilized world. One of these acts was the destruction of the fleet at Ports-

mouth; and I will endeavour to describe this event in a few words.

Immediately after the publication of President Lincoln's proclamation, President Jefferson Davis appointed the *quondam* United States colonel of cavalry, Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of all the forces in Virginia. The troops of the United States army abandoned Harper's Ferry, one of the most important manufactories of arms in America, on the 19th of April, after destroying the greater part of the buildings and machinery, and retreated to friendly territory. This destruction of property was, however, carried out so hurriedly, that a great many most valuable machines fell into the hands of the Confederate Government almost wholly intact, and they rendered very good service subsequently.

Great preparations were on the same day made at Richmond for the purpose of attacking the harbour of Portsmouth, which is situated at the estuary of the James river. The officers and Government officials of the harbour, who were pre-informed of this plan,

lost no time in consummating their preparations for the destruction of this, the greatest military port of the United States. The officers in command, instead of endeavouring to hold these works for their Government, seemed to have become quite bewildered, and incapable of recognising the great importance of their position; so, in the face of the most favourable circumstances, they condemned to the flames that fine military harbour, on which all the former Governments of the United States had spent millions of dollars in order to render it one of the first in America.

It was a grand and imposing spectacle to see the columns of flame ascending from the majestic ships at anchor in the port and in course of construction in the docks. Amongst the ships lying there were, the line-of-battle ship *Pennsylvania*, of 3500 tons, carrying 131 guns (once the largest man-of-war in the world), the beautiful frigates *Columbus* and *Delaware*, and the subsequently so-dreaded *Merrimac*. The frigates *Raritan* and *Dolphin* were consumed by the flames, and the docks, which had cost millions of dollars, were blown

up. The signal for this general destruction was given at midnight; and in a few minutes these magnificent productions of the energy and genius of man were encircled by a girdle of flame; and a slight breeze which sprang up increased the conflagration rapidly. The naval workmen and the whole garrison were meanwhile busily employed in conveying valuables on board the two ships of war, *Pawnee* and *Cumberland*, which were riding at anchor, and both vessels were laden to the very port-holes. At four o'clock in the morning the tide turned, and a signal sent up by a rocket from the *Pawnee* announced to the men in the dockyard that the moment had arrived for consummating the work of destruction, and in a few minutes the dockyard was one blaze of flames—a truly grand but saddening spectacle. The crackling of the fire and rustling of the flames, the falling of the masts, the explosion of the ships doomed to destruction, the blowing-up of the buildings, which had been undermined—in fact, the whole of this gigantic work of destruction—was a catastrophe upon which I

cannot look back even now, after the time that has elapsed, without a shudder. It was one of those silly and cowardly acts of destruction which, while causing no harm to the enemy, crippled their own Government, and caused them irremediable loss. Had the commandant of this place, his officers, and the garrison of the naval dockyard of Portsmouth, understood how to preserve this valuable and important place to their Government and country, their names would have lived in history, and been gratefully recorded in the hearts of their countrymen. They might well have waited for the indulgence of this strange eagerness for destruction until the moment of attack, instead of forestalling that event by the premature sacrifice of the accumulated wealth of so noble a harbour. The military port and harbour of Portsmouth ceased to exist on the 20th of April, 1861, and the country around was lighted up for miles as the *Pawnee* and *Cumberland* sailed down the bay, laden with the valuables saved from the fiery wreck, to seek shelter under the guns of Fort Monroe.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF BETHEL.

THE Southern troops, about 1800 strong, had, under the command of Colonel B. Magruder, constructed defensive works in the vicinity of the church of Bethel, which place is about nine miles distant from Hampton, where the enemy's troops had established their camp. On the 9th of May, Major-General Butler, who commanded the Federal troops, sent forward a detachment of 4000 men, who were to advance on Bethel in two separate columns, with the view, if possible, of driving away the enemy, and destroying the defensive works which they had erected. The command was given to Colonel Pierce. The first column crossed the river a little below the Southern posts, whilst the second column effected a similar passage lower down. No opposition

whatever was made to the landing of these troops; and while the first column was attacking the Confederate troops in flank, the second assailed them in front. A battery of Richmond mortars, under the personal command of Major Randolph (now Minister of War) opposed the attack. On this day Major Randolph gave the first proofs of his undaunted courage, and gallantly maintained his post. In the meanwhile the Federal troops attacked with such resolution that they succeeded in gaining possession of the first outwork without suffering much loss, and our soldiers were obliged to retreat in disorder, and with the loss of two pieces of artillery. This impetuous attack of the enemy somewhat dismayed our young and inexperienced soldiers, who were frightened, moreover, at the numbers of the attacking force, and not considering that a covered position has a threefold advantage, they rapidly abandoned that position, throwing themselves into the principal work, which lay to the rear. The enemy took a firm footing in the stormed outposts; indeed, the Confederates were very

near losing their whole line of fortified works, and the troops became so disheartened that the consequences would certainly have been most disastrous, had not General Magruder, with great presence of mind and calmness, ordered four companies of the 1st North Carolina regiment, under the command of Major Bridges, to retake the outwork at all hazards. This order was splendidly carried out by the four companies. They advanced with coolness and determination, in the face of a heavy fire of artillery, which assailed them from the front, and on arriving within sixty yards' distance of the outwork, with loud hurrahs they advanced at a run to the attack, and dislodged the Federal soldiers who held possession of it with the greatest ease, causing them to retreat in the greatest disorder, leaving what they had but just before stormed in the hands of the Confederates.

The enemy continued to keep up an uninterrupted fusilade, which, however, being directed in a most irregular manner, inflicted but little loss on the Confederate troops.

Whilst we established ourselves again in the reconquered outwork, our batteries reopened their fire,—not, however, with much effect, the enemy's position being too well covered. His right flank leaned on a small, but dense wood, and his left was closed by some houses. A twelve-pounder battery responded to our own; it was, however, so well hidden by the wood and the houses, that we were only enabled to guess its position from its fire. The enemy's battery sent forth a hail of projectiles at us from a distance of from five hundred to six hundred yards; but, fortunately for us, their practice was so bad, that the damage occasioned by this continual fire was inconsiderable. General Magruder at the same time ordered the commander of our batteries only to reply to the enemy's fire with the utmost care, and when large masses of troops appeared in line of battle. A little after one o'clock a large column of the enemy was descried on the road from Hampton, hastening to reach a small bridge in our front. This column was under the command of Major Winthrop, the first adjutant of General

Butler. Major Winthrop led his men on to the attack admirably, and they advanced boldly against our outposts, but were received with such a tremendous fire from the 1st North Carolina Infantry, that they were hurled back in complete disorder.

Our marksmen, who were under fire for the first time, occasioned us no small confusion. They were utterly wanting in self-confidence, and would inquire before each shot, "May I fire? I think I can hit him," &c. As the enemy was being repulsed, a ball struck Major Winthrop in the breast. He was one of the most meritorious officers of the United States army, and his gallantry earned for him the admiration of our officers and soldiers. Colonel Hill, commanding the 1st North Carolina regiment, paid a high tribute to the memory of this brave officer, in his report of the battle. Major Winthrop fell whilst vainly endeavouring, from a height, to rally his discomfited men. The United States lost in him a most excellent officer. During the hottest part of the fire, a small body of the enemy had ensconced themselves in a house

to our left, and occasioned us much annoyance by their intermittent fire.

A company of volunteers was ordered to clear this house of its troublesome occupants, and to raze it to the ground. This work was performed with consummate coolness and energy. The volunteers boldly attacked the house, and dislodged the enemy, who availed themselves of every aperture to fire on them.

After a while the enemy ceased firing, and leaving their dead and wounded on the field, retreated in haste beyond range of our guns. The result of the battle of Bethel was of incalculable advantage to our troops, as it inspired them with great confidence in their own capabilities. Although our little army generally behaved well and gallantly in the face of an enemy double its strength on this day, yet the bearing of the 1st North Carolina regiment is especially worthy of praise, as it was the most exposed of all our corps to the fire of the enemy's artillery, and behaved with the greatest coolness and determination.

CHAPTER V.

COLONEL PORTERFIELD'S VOLUNTEERS.

WHILST the South was thus showing a front to the enemy in the Virginian Peninsula, and earning its respect, it met with a reverse in the West, which nearly obliged the Confederate Government to withdraw further south from Richmond.

Colonel Porterfield, commanding the Confederate forces at Philippi, received an order from General Lee, the commander-in-chief of the army in Virginia, to raise the volunteers to the strength of 5000 men, and to act in concert with the officials of the Baltimore and Ohio railway.

General Lee had, however, quite misunderstood the character of Colonel Porterfield, who was one of that numerous class of heroes that discourse much, and profess to execute all kinds of impossibilities, but are at a loss how

to act at the first really serious encounter. Porterfield was truly a fine example of such heroes. He had no sooner arrived in the district in which he was to recruit, than he discovered that all the counties were very favourably disposed to the Union. His first move therefore was, to ensconce himself in a comparatively safe nook, and instead of proceeding to act with energy and circumspection, he addressed a most wonderful letter to General Lee. In this letter poor Porterfield described himself as surrounded on all sides by thousands of enemies, and begged the General to send him a sufficient military force, that he might be enabled to proceed effectively with the organization of the volunteers. It was only after receiving reinforcements, that Colonel Porterfield actually commenced organizing his army. This beginning, however, showed but poor results, and the general reply which he received to his invitations to join the Confederacy was given in the negative by the people, coupled with the intimation that if they did want to fight they should do so in defence of the Union.

Colonel Porterfield strolled through the mountains of Virginia, like a minstrel of the olden time, exhorting the population to join the gallant army to which he belonged, and to follow the banner of the exalted Government of the Confederation. After resorting to numerous expedients, he succeeded in gathering under his flag a wonderful assemblage of ragamuffins. In a short time his little army had increased to 200 infantry and 300 cavalry, and at Grafton he pitched his tents. As soon as the United States general was informed of the circumstance, he broke up his camp, and overcoming all difficulties, advanced straight against Porterfield's force.

When informed of the enemy's advance, Porterfield might have fallen back on Philippi, and he did actually order the destruction of the Cheat bridge. This order was, however, imperfectly carried out. Even his outposts were so carelessly placed as to betray an utter ignorance of military tactics; thus it befel that the enemy came upon him like a thunderbolt, when he and all his men indiscriminately took to their heels.

Throwing away their arms, all Porterfield's levies fled for safety to the mountains, and the Colonel himself, who on this occasion displayed an activity of movement quite surprising, arrived at General Lee's head-quarters more dead than alive. The poor Colonel had positively nothing to say either for himself or for his men, further than to affirm that his little force had been attacked by overwhelming numbers, and that they had fought like lions; that his army might be, for all he knew, cut to pieces. This was the sum total of the account he had to give of himself and his followers. The Colonel could not explain how he alone had managed to escape and reach head-quarters. He was subsequently brought before a court-martial at Richmond, but gave so clever an explanation of his conduct, that the members of that court, possibly from a fellow-feeling for the accused, not only acquitted him of all blame, but also bestowed their praise upon him for his valorous conduct.

CHAPTER VI.

M'CLELLAN'S VICTORY AT RICH MOUNTAIN.

State of affairs in Western Virginia—The Confederate army under General Garnett—M'Clellan's plans—The ground in Virginia—Strength of the Southern army—Attack—General Rosencranz remains behind—Colonel Pegram—M'Clellan's indefatigable pursuit—Retreat—Surprise—The engagement at Corrook's Ford—Colonel Tagliaferro—A mistake—General Garnett falls—Loss of artillery and baggage—Disorganized state of the Confederate army—M'Clellan's talents.

WHILST the events just described were taking place in Winchester and Manassas, a great change had occurred at the theatre of war in Western Virginia. What under all circumstances may be considered as a large army of the Confederates had been collected, and the command entrusted to General Garnett, who at Rich Mountain, Randolph County, North-Western Virginia, took up a position admirably adapted by nature, from whence he could with-

out any anxiety watch the movements of General M'Clellan, who was advancing on Beverley, and had not masked his intention to take up a position in General Garnett's rear, so as to cut off his communications with General Lee. No military man in Europe can form any idea of the position and circumstances of this Western campaign, unless he possesses an accurate knowledge of the *terrain* upon which the military movements took place. The whole of Western Virginia consists of barren, unproductive, mountainous tracts, intersected by strips of forest-land. The roads and means of communication are of the most primitive description; and as regards supplies for his troops, the General is obliged to draw them from a long distance.

The strength of General Garnett's corps was from 7000 to 8000 men infantry, 15 guns, 6-pounders and 12-pounders, and 6 squadrons of cavalry. The troops were well armed, suited for mountain warfare, and hardened to their work by long habit. As already stated, General Garnett's position was judiciously chosen and well adapted for an excellent defensive

basis of operations, both by nature and by the aid of art.

Colonel Pegram, with a body of 3000 men, took possession of the district of Rich Mountain; whilst General Garnett, with the main body of his army, took up his position at Laurel Hill.

For this wearisome and tiresome campaign, the Government of the Northern States selected two of the best and most experienced officers of the United States army—Generals M'Clellan and Rosencranz. It was in this campaign that M'Clellan for the first time drew public attention upon himself, and won the hearts of his men by the circumspection as well as by the bravery which he displayed. It was he who shook the Federal army out of the lethargy into which it had fallen, and led it to a victory which, under other circumstances, would have put an end to the existence of the Confederate army in the West.

General M'Clellan, who was well informed of the position of the Confederate army, contemplated, by a determined blow, on the 5th of July, to annihilate our corps, and thus to put

an end to the campaign in Western Virginia, which had become a very troublesome one for the Federals. At a conference between the two generals of the enemy's army, the following arrangement was made : That M'Clellan should undertake the front attack, whilst General Rosencranz, with his force, was to manœuvre in such a way as to attack the enemy's army without delay, and endeavour to reach the main body of the army by the flank. By combined and energetic action in the execution of this plan, it was hoped that the campaign would terminate in the capture of the whole of General Garnett's division.

In this campaign, General M'Clellan for the first time appeared in the character of an independent commander; and we cannot refrain from bearing testimony in favour of a man who commenced his career as a leader in so brilliant a manner. M'Clellan's army was by no means in good campaigning order; it consisted of troops gathered together from all parts of the Union. Not only were the regiments collected and mixed up together from different States, so that the troops had scarcely any

knowledge of each other, but they were also unequally and badly armed. Not daunted by these drawbacks—so trying to an energetic general—M'Clellan by his prudence and precaution eventually overcame them all.

With care and attention he endeavoured to form the spirit of his troops, and to make them regardless of fatigue and privations. And as soon as he felt that he had gained the confidence of his officers and men, he did not delay one moment to carry out the plans which he had formed.

On the 8th July he commenced his march with his troops, and on the same day took up a position at Bealington, opposite Laurel Hill, then left a portion of his troops behind as a corps of observation, and advanced with the main body in rapid strides towards Rich Mountain. This march was one of those fatiguing operations which such a country as America can alone offer an example of. Through pathless woods, over high hills, through streams and rivulets, the soldiers had to force their way. Added to this, the rain never ceased to pour down. Despite all these obstacles the

men kept on without murmuring; they overcame every difficulty with a facility which entitled them to an honourable comparison with the tried soldiers of Europe. M'Clellan himself was always at the head of his men, to whom he set a good example by cheerfully putting up with every annoyance and privation.

Early on the morning of the 11th July, General Garnett received a despatch from Colonel Pegram, reporting the capture of a United States soldier, who had given information that General M'Clellan, with nine regiments, had arrived near Rich Mountain, and had given orders for the attack to commence on the following day; further, that General Rosencranz, with 4000 men, was manœuvring in his rear, to cut off any retreat that might be attempted on the part of General Garnett; that consequently he, Colonel Pegram, had ordered Colonel Scott's regiment to take up a good position, there to await the enemy's approach.

On receipt of Colonel Pegram's despatch General Garnett sent him orders to hold his position against all odds, and to defend it to the last man.

Colonel Pegram had scarcely got his troops placed ready for action, when General M'Clellan's men, with a loud cheer, rushed forward from a defile and attacked the Colonel in his excellent position. At this moment the artillery opened fire, which was re-echoed by all the mountains round. It was a fine military spectacle. The thunder of the guns, the breaking of the branches of the trees as they were smashed, the cheers of the enthusiastic Federal troops, the crack of the rifles, the beating of drums and clanging of trumpets: in short, the whole battle-ground and its vicinity offered a picture such as would be indelibly impressed upon the memory of a soldier. The battle had waged for nearly two hours on this side when Colonel Pegram began to feel that he could not hold his ground much longer. He therefore endeavoured to retreat, as his men were tired and their ammunition nearly expended.

General M'Clellan, however, was by no means inclined to lose the ground he had already gained, and thus Colonel Pegram had no other alternative than to fall at his post or sur-

render. Pegram adopted the latter alternative, and surrendered his post with guns and baggage.

General M'Clellan, however, was not as yet satisfied with the result of the day's work. He hourly expected the advance of General Rosencranz, but he found that on this occasion he had overrated his activity. Rosencranz proved timid at this emergency: he was swayed by doubts; he first marched, then halted, as if he did not quite comprehend the completeness of M'Clellan's plans. If he had performed his part as well as that General did his, not one man of General Garnett's corps would have brought the news of its defeat to Richmond; the whole corps would have been annihilated or made prisoners.

As soon as General M'Clellan had made Colonel Pegram's troops lay down their arms, he proceeded to carry out his manœuvre without delay, without waiting for General Rosencranz, and accordingly advanced to attack the forces under General Garnett.

When General Garnett received the unexpected news of the capitulation of Colonel Pegram, he, fearing the energy and determina-

tion of M'Clellan, ordered the position on Laurel Hill to be abandoned, and in all haste fell back on Huttonsville. Colonel Scott, who, with his regiment, had received orders to prevent the advance of General Rosencranz, immediately on receiving intelligence of Colonel Pegram's capitulation, hastily left his position and withdrew to a more respectable distance from the enemy. Even now, if General Rosencranz had, in the spirit of a brave and intelligent officer, carried out the plan agreed upon, and advanced to the attack, there was still plenty of time for him to take a brilliant part in the conclusion of the action. Colonel Scott's rapid flight must have dispelled any doubts he might have entertained respecting the inexperience and bad equipment of his troops. There can be no doubt that the conduct of Rosencranz on this occasion offers a remarkable contrast to that of General M'Clellan.

General Garnett was placed in a desperate position by M'Clellan's bold advance and Colonel Pegram's capture. In his retreat on Huttonsville he found that, owing to Colonel

Scott's somewhat too hasty retreat, he would have to force his way over the best practicable mountain-passes to Hardy County.

The retreat was effected in some order, although the roads were scarcely wide enough to allow a cart to pass; and on the following morning, the army, after a most fatiguing march, reached Little Cheat, where officers and men laid down upon the grass to restore themselves, in some degree, from the fatigue they had undergone.

They had scarcely been encamped one hour, when a roll of musketry along the whole line of outposts announced that the indefatigable enemy was already upon them, and had renewed the attack.

Without allowing his tired soldiers a moment's respite, M'Clellan hotly pursued our army, and although continually checked and kept at bay, by our gallant reserve, still continued the attack with unabated energy. Without hesitation, he boldly gave battle at every point; and although the fighting cannot be called more than skirmishing on a large scale, it, nevertheless, lasted throughout the day.

In the evening the news came in that a company of a Georgia regiment had been cut off by the enemy and made prisoners.

This little episode is known by the name of Battle of Corrok's Ford. M'Clellan followed it up, and drove our troops from their covered position across the river, and captured the greater portion of our baggage.

The activity displayed by the General on this occasion is deserving of high praise. Nothing seemed to stand in his way; despite the heavy, intermittent rain, the execrable roads, his troops displayed a fortitude and an energy that command admiration. For two days, with indefatigable determination, he followed close upon our heels. Whenever we sought a few moments' rest, we were aroused by the fire of his riflemen at our outposts; and the bullets, which were flying about in all directions, made our position anything but comfortable.

As soon as we had got our artillery safely over Corrok's Ford, Colonel Tagliaferro was ordered to occupy the high banks of the river with his regiment, and to keep the enemy

occupied as long as possible, so that our troops, who were quite worn out, might get some rest. Colonel Tagliaferro had scarcely taken up his position when the advanced skirmishers of the enemy appeared in view. At first our men fancied that they were the Georgia troops supposed to have been cut off, and they welcomed them with a loud cheer; but when, instead of a courteous response to this compliment, an unfriendly shower of bullets was sent as a greeting, knocking over many of our men, the mistake was discovered somewhat too late, but the enemy's fire was promptly returned. The officer in command of the enemy's outpost now got one of his batteries into position, and hammered away at us most unmercifully. Twice he attempted to cross the river, but was each time driven back by our men at the point of the bayonet. Whilst this skirmishing was going on, General Garnett had ordered the guns and baggage he still had left to be hurried forwards, and sent orders to the troops engaged to form the rear-guard of the retreat.

Our retreat was effected without much op-

position, as the enemy, probably exhausted by fighting and forced marches, and by our energetic resistance, needed rest. At the second ford, a short distance beyond the first, General Garnett was shot by one of the enemy's riflemen. This officer had scarcely got his troops across the river, when he ordered a company of the 23rd Virginia regiment to occupy the bushes along the bank, and promised that he himself would take the command of the company charged with the defence of the ford. At the same time, firing was heard in the rear of our army. The enemy must have outflanked us, and a panic ensued in our rear-guard. General Garnett, however, remained calm and unconcerned. He ordered the soldiers to remain firm, and to retreat without fear. He had scarcely given the order when he sunk to the earth, shot through the body by a bullet. One of the enemy's riflemen had fired the fatal shot which deprived us of one of our bravest officers. The General's horse galloped off up the road, besprinkled with blood, announcing the sad news of the death of our leader.

General M'Clellan, who might feel well satisfied with the result of the day, here gave up the pursuit. Having defeated and demoralized our army, he remained master of a large number of prisoners, with the greater portion of our guns and baggage as booty. Verily could he report to Washington:

“Our success is complete; secession in this part of the country is stopped.”

The loss of the battle of Rich Mountain was a severe blow to our young army, and created a painful sensation throughout the Southern States. If the Government at Washington had only had the sense to take advantage of this success it would probably, in a short time, have brought back the whole of Virginia under its rule. Instead of staking its existence and entrusting the weal and woe of the country to the hands of inexperienced generals, it ought at once to have shown its appreciation of the talent and energy of General M'Clellan, and without hesitation have given him the command of the army on the Potomac. Had it done so, the disaster at Manassas, so detrimental to the Federal cause, might

have been avoided; for, after the successes achieved by M'Clellan in the western portion of Virginia, he would have been received by the troops of the Potomac, not as a stranger, but as an old acquaintance, with confidence and enthusiasm. The soldiers would then have had a commander whose success and devotion must have inspired them with respect, and they would have fulfilled their hard duties with cheerfulness and zeal.

That the Government at Washington was aware of M'Clellan's talents is proved by the fact that, when seriously pressed and alarmed, the command of the army of the Potomac was offered to him at a time when that army was all but destroyed, and Washington itself in danger of being captured by the Confederates. Then, as we shall presently see, when no one had the courage to rally the army which had been so terribly cut up at Manassas, when many a bold hero shrugged his shoulders and kept aloof, he came forward as a saviour of his country's cause, to fill up the sad void caused by a disastrous defeat. By prudence and determination he soon succeeded in again

forming an army which, by its extent and efficiency, created considerable alarm in the South. But the enemy they had most cause to fear was General M'Clellan himself, the ablest and best officer of the Union, whose military qualities commanded the respect of his opponents.

CHAPTER VII.

MOVEMENTS ON THE POTOMAC.

Harper's Ferry—General Johnston joins the Confederacy—Position of the troops on the Potomac—Harper's Ferry evacuated—The railway-bridge blown up—Colonel Jackson operates against General Patterson—Battle—Patterson's cunning—Manœuvre to weaken General Beauregard's main army—Johnston's position.

THE war now began to develop itself with activity on the Potomac, especially in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, which had been abandoned by the Federal troops. General Joseph Johnston, who previously had held the rank of Quartermaster-General in the United States army, tendered his resignation as soon as the war commenced, and placed himself at the disposal of the Confederate Government, which did not hesitate for a moment to accept his services, and entrusted him with the command of the important post of Harper's Ferry. On

the 27th of May, 1861, General Beauregard was relieved of his command at Charleston, and was at first ordered to proceed on service to Corinth, in Mississippi; but whilst on his way to Richmond he received counter-orders, and was appointed to the command of the Confederate army, known by the name of the Army of the Potomac.

General Johnston's whole force at Harper's Ferry consisted of thirteen regiments of infantry, ten companies of cavalry, and seven companies of artillery; doubtless a respectable force. His duty was to watch both banks of the Potomac, and to drive back any attempted advance of the enemy in that quarter. Having reconnoitred the whole neighbourhood, he resolved to maintain his position as long as the Government should deem it necessary for him to do so.

The demonstrations of the United States troops were chiefly confined to outpost skirmishes, and their plans depended upon the movements of General M'Clellan, who was to push forward with his *corps d'armée* into the valleys of Virginia. General Patterson, who

was posted with his troops in Maryland and Pennsylvania, also waited for General M'Clellan's movements, previously to advancing by Harper's Ferry on Winchester, to form a junction with M'Clellan's army. On the 13th of June our outposts announced the approach of General M'Clellan's troops. A detachment was at once ordered forward to stop him in his advance, and on the 15th of June, early in the morning, the order was given to evacuate Harper's Ferry, and to fall back on Winchester. The day after the order had been given for the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, one of those painful catastrophes occurred, which always follow in the wake of war. All the able-bodied inhabitants took to flight, and preparations were made to give up the whole place to destruction. The first prey to demolition was that wonderfully constructed railway-bridge which here spans the broad stream of the Potomac. At a given signal this structure was blown up into the air with a terrific explosion. All the buildings connected with it, the station, engines, locomotives, warehouses,

as well as a flourishing town, with all its trade and prosperity, were condemned to destruction.

It was a sad spectacle to see the columns of flame and smoke rolling upwards; and with a feeling of sadness I turned away from this deplorable spectacle of ruin, and rode after the troops, which in dense bodies were marching along the Martinsburg Road. The object of this flank-movement was to get between Winchester and the army of General Patterson, which was now crossing the Potomac at William's Ford. Patterson hearing of our evacuation of Harper's Ferry, ordered his troops to cross the Potomac in all haste to see if he could not arrive in time to save something.

General Johnston quietly continued his march to Winchester, where it was very easy for him to hold General M'Clellan in check, as also to prevent any further advance of Patterson, whilst at the same time it was very easy for him to form a junction with General Beauregard, who was stationed at Manassas Gap.

Advices, however, which we received

from Maryland gave us certain information that General Patterson intended to make another manœuvre, and induced General Johnston to direct Colonel "Stonewall" Jackson to advance with his brigade to the vicinity of Martinsburg, to support Colonel Stuart, who, with his regiment of cavalry, was acting as a corps of observation.

On the 2nd July General Patterson again crossed the Potomac. Colonel Jackson carried out the instructions he had received to the letter, and retired with his troops. The advanced guard of General Patterson's division, fancying that Jackson's brigade had taken to flight, made rather too hasty a pursuit. Colonel Jackson took two battalions of the 5th Virginia regiment and a six-pounder battery, placed them in a most advantageous position, where his small force was well covered. He then accepted the battle that was offered him, and it was not until he feared that his communication with the main army might be cut off that he retired, quietly and unmolested, taking with him fifty-three prisoners. As soon as General Johnston was

informed of Colonel Jackson's combat, he hastened to offer General Patterson battle. He took up a position five miles from Martinsburg, which was occupied by the Federal troops, and waited patiently four days for the appearance of General Patterson. The latter, however, had neither the courage nor the inclination to return the compliment and accept the challenge of Johnston, although his troops numbered nearly double those of his opponent. After waiting in vain, General Johnston ordered his troops, who were eager for battle, back to Winchester. They had, however, scarcely reached their old quarters when the corps of observation of Colonel Stuart announced the advance of the enemy under General Patterson. Johnston, delighted, hoped now to cross swords with him. At Bunker's Hill, about seven miles from Winchester, Patterson again came to a halt, and remained there quietly till the 7th July.

General Patterson then made preparations as if it was his intention to attack our left wing, but General Johnston guessing

what his plans were, saw through the subtle scheme. The sole object of the operations and movements of the enemy was to keep Johnston at Winchester, in order that General Beauregard might be exposed to the main body of the United States army, which, under the command of Major-General M'Dowell, was concentrated near Manassas. Johnston now placed his army in such a position that on the first notification from General Beauregard he should be able to advance directly on Manassas, and thus Patterson's very clever plans, on which he had so confidently calculated, were not attended with any result.

CHAPTER VIII.

BULL RUN.

Preparations of the hostile armies—Strength of the Federal forces—The decisive moment approaches—M'Dowell's attack—Inexperience of the artillery—General Bonham—Longstreet's brigade at Blackburn Fort—Energetic attack of the Federals—Progress of the fight—Object of the battle to try the strength of both armies.

AT the commencement of July, 1861, two of the largest armies which America ever beheld were ranged in hostile positions at a short distance opposite each other, and awaited with eager anxiety the approach of the sanguinary day when North and South were to measure their strength. The Northern troops thought themselves already sure of victory, as they fancied it would be an easy task to disperse the Southern army, and to advance victoriously without much obstacle to Richmond, there to hoist again the star-spangled banner of the

great Republic. This opinion was shared by many members of Congress, who, it may be supposed, ought to have exercised a wiser judgment. That the whole affair would be over in twelve or fourteen days was considered certain. As regards the equipment of the great Federal army nothing had been neglected by the Government to place it upon the footing of any European army of the same size. It was provided with excellent artillery, and contained, moreover, bodies of regular troops which the Government had collected together from all its extended territories—the Rocky Mountains, St. Louis, Jefferson Barracks, Fortress Monroe, &c.; and this fact gave a sort of *prestige* to this army.

As regards its strength, if we do not err, we should estimate it at 50,000 men, inclusive of nine companies of dragoons of the United States regular army, and a park of artillery, of between fifty and sixty pieces, nearly all rifled cannon.

This imposing force was placed under the command of a leader who throughout the whole of the United States enjoyed the repu-

tation of a soldier of the highest military genius, General M'Dowell; this reputation having for its foundation the success he had gained at the Military College at West Point.

General Beauregard was perfectly well informed of all that was going on in General M'Dowell's army, and of the intention of the enemy to force their way to Richmond; every precaution had therefore been taken by him to prevent that plan being carried out. It was a most critical moment for the Confederate army; for, if they were beaten, they had no more resources for carrying on the war to fall back upon.

What Schiller's William Tell says to his arrow, Beauregard might well have said of his army—

“Should it fall harmless from my hand,
I have not a second at command ;”

and, truly, if the army of the Confederate host were beaten, they could scarcely manage to bring another army into the field. Moreover, what would have been the effect in Europe if the South should be defeated? The leaders of the Confederate army must have had an

anxious moment when they considered all the circumstances which seemed to combine for their destruction! It must not be forgotten, too, that it was here for the first time that the *élite* of the two hostile armies stood opposite each other.

What changes had taken place in a short lapse of time! For more than eighty years these same enemies, who now looked at each other with feelings of bitter animosity, had led together the life of peaceful citizens, and had made themselves but little acquainted with the art of war, for the war in Mexico was comparatively insignificant. And now this people who were bound together by brotherly ties, who had the same interests in common, are suddenly split into two factions, arrayed as mortal enemies against each other. "On to Richmond" is the battle-cry of one party; "Independence or Death" that of the other.

At Bull Run these exasperated warriors met, indeed, but for a short time. The battle did not last long, but was fierce enough to show, on a small scale, how the hostile factions would exert their energies to make

some future battle a decisive one. The engagement at Bull Run may, in fact, be likened to an overture before the great spectacle of war, which, in a short time, was to be performed at Manassas.

Bull Run forms the north frontier of the county which separates it from Fairfax, and on its smiling banks, three miles north of the junction of the Manassas Gap, and the Orange and Alexandria Railway, was fought this memorable engagement, on the 18th of July. Bull Run is a small river which, at this point, runs from west to east, and lower down joins the waters of the Orroquau river. Fine, open, cheerful roads intersect the country here, nearly in every direction. The banks of the river are rocky and steep, but provided with a great number of fords which from olden time had always been in use. Mitchell's Ford is about half-way between Centreville and Manassas. Each road is about six miles in length.

To oppose the enemy's movements, who, as General Beauregard suspected, were operating on Manassas, he withdrew his farthest advanced troops from the lines of Bull Run

more towards his centre. On the morning of the 17th July, Beauregard's troops had taken up a position from Mills Ford to Stone Bridge, a distance of about eight miles. On the following day, General M'Dowell made preparations to attack Bonham's brigade. He advanced large masses of infantry, covered by some batteries of artillery. At noon, the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire from rifled cannon. Owing to the inexperience of the artillerymen, who were now probably for the first time in action, they did but very little damage to our troops. It was only after they had fired some hundred aimless shots, that they began gradually to acquire coolness and precision in pointing their guns, and their fire then occasioned deadly havoc amongst our men. Our batteries, as well as our troops, kept very quiet, but nevertheless impatiently waited the moment for orders to engage.

After a few moments, a light field battery of the enemy advanced to within a much nearer position. At the same time, General Bonham ordered one of his batteries to drive back that of the enemy, which order was so

promptly and energetically obeyed, that after a short artillery duel, it was compelled to relinquish its position in all haste. The bold attempt they had made was thus completely defeated by our troops. The wonderful coolness and self-possession which our battery displayed in this little affair excited the admiration of our officers, and General Bonham promoted the officer in command to the rank of Major on the spot. Bonham now promptly withdrew the battery from the position it had taken, and placed it at Mitchell's Ford, where its guns could baffle any attempt of the enemy to cross.

Whilst this little cannon duel was going on, General M'Dowell threw forward large bodies of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, upon Blackburn Ford, where Longstreet's brigade was stationed, with orders to hold the position. General Longstreet, informed of the advance of this large body of the enemy, withdrew his outposts quickly behind the ford, whilst he manned the whole length of the south bank of the stream with a thick line of sharpshooters. The enemy's masses,

sheltered by the undulating ground, were enabled to come up within 100 yards of our riflemen, whilst the enemy's batteries attached to both flanks, allowed the masses of infantry to get up close to us, under the protection of their murderous fire. As soon as the enemy's columns had deployed under cover of a heavy fire of their guns, which they did with great coolness, although it was probably the first time these regiments had been under fire, they were formed into an attacking column, and with a loud cheer rushed on Longstreet's position, who, however, received them with equal coolness and bravery.

It was at this point that, for the first time, these two hostile armies first actually came into contact. The conflict which now ensued, became every moment more deadly, and the mutual animosity of the men was increased to fury. The fighting had lasted already two hours, and yet neither party had gained one inch of ground. Every tree, every rock, every hollow, was occupied by our Texan sharpshooters, who poured their deadly bullets into the enemy's ranks with fearful havoc. At last,

Longstreet's division began to show symptoms of fatigue, and slightly wavered. At this critical juncture, General Early's brigade came up in the nick of time, and by this needful reinforcement the balance in the battle was re-established. Ere long, the enemy's general became aware that he could do nothing against our solid masses. He therefore retired his troops from the line of battle, and confined his action to an artillery fire, which now opened on both sides, and afforded us the opportunity of ascertaining our superiority over the enemy in this arm. The commanders of the batteries could only take as a guide for their aim the glittering bayonets above the brushwood, and our men kept up an incessant fire amongst these partly concealed foes with rifled cannon. But we had scarcely thrown the enemy's columns into some slight confusion, when a Rhode Island battery came up at a trot within 800 yards, and poured in a hail of projectiles upon us, with the most destructive effect.

Many of our best horses having now been killed, our batteries were withdrawn from

this devastating fire, while those of the enemy still continued to pound away for a time, but gradually the fire slackened, and when night threw her veil over the earth, the roar of artillery had ceased altogether. Thus terminated the engagement of Bull Run, which I looked upon as the prelude to a greater battle that must need to be fought between the two hostile armies. The battle of Bull Run had no other object than an attempt on the part of the enemy's general to cross the river, and to try the mettle of his troops. Although he did not succeed in crossing the ford, he nevertheless acquired sufficient knowledge of the bravery and self-possession of his troops, and, at the same time, no little respect for his opponents, whom he could no longer look upon as a despicable foe.

Both armies retired as if to recruit their strength, and to nerve themselves to the utmost for the coming great struggle, which it was hoped would decide the question of the existence of the Confederacy. The game had begun in earnest; what would be the issue of the throw?

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Movements of the Confederate army—Patterson perplexed—Espionage—Federal camp scenes—Scott's inactivity on the Potomac—Morning of the battle—A glance at both armies—The Confederate generals—Strength of the two armies—The battle commences—Advance of the enemy's columns—Our left wing attacked—Fierce engagement on the plateau—General attack—Beauregard and Jackson attack the enemy—Retreat—Heroism of Johnston—Corcoran's Irish regiment—Generals Fisher and Barton are killed—A fruitless struggle—Once more at them—Jackson's fierce onset—Obstinacy of the conflict—Our retreat—All apparently lost—Arrival of Jeff. Davis—Jackson, why called "Stonewall"—Help at need: Kirby Smith comes up—The decisive blow—The enemy routed—The battle-field—Wounded foes—A horriblescene—Hospitals and attendance—Plunderers—Results of the battle of Manassas.

It was on Sunday, the 21st of July, that General Scott issued the order for General M'Dowell to advance with his troops against Manassas. This plan of operations was no

secret to us. For, despite the severe check the United States army met with at Bull Run, very little foresight was shown by the Cabinet at Washington. General Beauregard received the very earliest information from a friend of his there, and had plenty of time to make all his preparations. He promptly made General Johnston acquainted with the enemy's intentions, and requested him to fall back on Manassas with all his troops, to form a junction with his corps. General Johnston performed this march in the most masterly manner. In order not to betray his retreat to the enemy's corps under General Patterson, stationed at Martinsburg, he ordered Colonel Stuart to make a reconnaissance with his cavalry on a large scale to induce the enemy to believe that Johnston had the intention of shortly offering battle. Colonel Stuart carried out his instructions with such intelligence that poor General Patterson was at his wits' end, so he reported Johnston's demonstrations to Washington, and pressed for reinforcements. General Scott gave credence to the views contained in this report, and chuckled at the idea

that Johnston was thus seriously occupied at Winchester with Patterson, as he hoped thereby to be able to annihilate Beauregard's army at Manassas, and strike a terrible blow at the Confederate army. Johnston, on seeing the success of his stratagem, laughed in his sleeve, and quietly took his departure from Winchester for Manassas. Kirby Smith's corps alone, with ten companies of cavalry, was left behind, with orders not to follow till next day.

From the very commencement of operations the Confederates enjoyed a decided advantage on the score of intelligence; and so it now happened that while we were accurately informed of every projected movement of the enemy, Scott and M'Dowell, on the other hand, were almost completely ignorant of our plans and intentions. They had not the slightest notion that General Johnston's corps had two days previously formed a junction with the army at Manassas, for, had they known of it, the corps under General Patterson, near Winchester—who still fancied he was threatened by Johnston's army, and

was anxiously expecting an attack—would surely have been immediately ordered to occupy that town and make a demonstration in the Shenandoah valley. Had this really been done, however, the enemy would have cut off all our supplies from that rich valley, and have obstructed our communications in that direction. But the United States at this period had thought proper to employ several generals who were content to draw their pay, without choosing to put themselves much out of the way in the performance of any duty that required exertion or the exercise of great precaution, so confident were these men in their own superior abilities.

General Scott's headquarters at this season had more the appearance of a great fair than that of a camp of soldiers. Thousands of spectators had thronged there with the view of witnessing the bravery of the Federal troops, and the inevitable defeat of our army. Senators, members of Congress, politicians, clergymen, journalists, and idlers of every description, even women (if we may dare to rank them under the latter category) had

then and there gathered together to witness the spectacle of the grand struggle about to take place, the successful issue of which, and the glorious results that would ensue, every one of the motley assemblage confidently predicted. Nothing is so mischievous to an army in the field as to harbour in its midst so many useless and detrimental elements. General Scott, however, it is certain, took no sort of measure to prevent this encumbering crowd of visitors from swarming in his camp. He placidly allowed inquisitive ladies and gentlemen to stroll through the various encampments, where each of these amateur critics was eager to display his or her copious strategical knowledge. To listen to the boasting rodomontade, and other absurdities of these people, one would have fancied that all the heroes of ancient and modern times had met together on the side of the Federals, and that our army was to be utterly vanquished and slaughtered without mercy, down to the lowest drummer-boy. Every one of these declaimers fancied himself for the nonce a Hannibal or a Napoleon, and disinterestedly promulgated his ideas for the

benefit of all. Whole waggon-loads of champagne and other wines found their way to the camp for the great jubilation that was to take place in honour of the victory. It need scarcely be remarked that all this was detrimental to the troops, as it loosened the bonds of discipline and strict subordination, and lowered the standard among both officers and men of those essential military elements—coolness, self-possession, and mutual reliance. The whole matter was treated by the generals and officers with dangerous levity. Buoyed up as they all were with the confident expectation—almost amounting to conviction—that the scales of war were already turning in their favour, they really seemed to be incompetent to look earnestly ahead, and to solve with anything like accuracy the problematical course of coming events.

If we compare with the above picture the activity and demeanour of the United States troops under the command of General McClellan in Western Virginia,—who, when cut off from all communications, deprived of the means of correspondence, in a country where

every rock and every hillock was turned into a fortification, were always ready for action, day and night, in spite of all sorts of fatigue and privation,—what a contrast does it not offer to the army on the Potomac! Nothing was more noticeable there than indolence, with an absence of military order and discipline, unless it was the ostentatious display of a variety of uniforms, combining the quiet costume of the rough hunter just arrived from the far woods of Minnesota, to fight for the stars and stripes, with the ridiculous uniforms of the so-called Turcos, Zouaves, Arabs, and other theatrical dresses which decked the persons of their strutting owners.

But a truce to this description of a scene of egregious folly; we have stated enough to lay bare the root of those weaknesses and errors which proved the destruction of the army of the Potomac, and will now resume our narrative of events.

It was, as we have already stated, on the 21st of July that General Scott issued the order to General M'Dowell to advance with his army against Manassas. The sun rose glo-

riously in the cloudless heavens on this lovely Sunday morning, and its rays unmistakably indicated a coming hot day. Our troops had quietly partaken of their breakfast; the clergymen of the different regiments had preached their sermons, and prepared the soldiers by impressive words for the dread doings that would be enacted on this eventful day. The few remaining moments were devoted to exchanging words of farewell with beloved relatives and friends. It was a sad and touching spectacle to behold sons pressing the hands of their fathers, brothers those of brothers, and affectionately embracing one another, perhaps for the last time! Many a blessing followed the departing columns; many a reiterated farewell was shouted after them; many a tear was suppressed. The troops assembled round their respective standards, and took up their appointed places. Everything was done earnestly and seriously, every one present feeling convinced that a great and decisive moment was at hand. It was an enlivening sight to behold the cavalry regiments rattle past, headed by their brave com-

manders, Stuart, Ashby, and Davis. The general officers had assembled round Beauregard and Johnston, the latter of whom was, in reality, commander-in-chief, but he nevertheless left the command to General Beauregard, as it was he who had prepared all the plans, and made the necessary disposition for the coming struggle. The countenances of the generals were serious, and many a thoughtful glance did they cast upon the columns as they marched past. Finally, their horses were brought, and the chiefs mounted, dispersing in various directions, each to his own post.

Though prevented by a fall from my horse from taking any active part for the last few days, I could not resist the attraction of at least witnessing the battle. Accompanied by a comrade, Prince de Polignac, lieutenant-colonel of artillery, on General Beauregard's staff, I accordingly proceeded to a hillock where a heavy battery had been placed in position.

It was one of those clear days when the air is so free from mist or vapour, as to allow the eye

to discern objects at the greatest range, and from our position we could distinguish the most distant objects.

In front of us was extended the vast plain of Manassas, covered broadcast with innumerable masses of gaily-dressed soldiers. It was truly a magnificent sight. Stretched out before us lay the Federal army, its long wings resting upon great woods, whose dark green foliage offered a fine background to the varied uniforms and glancing bayonets arrayed in front. A slight breeze brought over to us the stirring melodies of their numerous bands, resounding cheerily in the morning air. This brilliant spectacle of warlike array beneath our feet had all the appearance of a painted panorama; and, fascinated with the scene, we gazed untiringly upon it, until the eager-looking faces around us, and the light from the gun-matches in the batteries, aroused us to the knowledge that, in a very short time, the work of death would commence in earnest.

Signs of active movement were now visible in the masses below. Like swarms of bees, bodies of troops kept crossing each other; bat-

teries, ammunition-carts, ambulances, flew past, marking with a cloud of dust the road each had taken. The troops took up their ground, and formed slowly, but steadily, in the positions assigned to them. The sun shone with increasing splendour on the scene, while a fresh breeze blew playfully over the plain; and the heavens looked down smilingly, as if utterly unconscious of the fearful havoc that must ensue from the sanguinary work about to commence. There stood, in the full possession of life and youth—their breasts heaving with hope and courage—thousands who in a few short hours would be swept away by the merciless angel of death—would breathe out their last breath—and with their hearts' blood stain the green summer grass.

The picture suddenly changes, and the poetical colouring which a moment before pervaded it vanishes before the roar of artillery, which now issues with fearful violence along the whole line.

General M'Dowell had received orders from General Scott to let the men take four days' rations with them, on the 21st of July, pre-

paratory to his taking possession of Manassas, which position he was to maintain by every exertion in his power, as he could then receive his supplies per railway from Alexandria. These were the first instructions of the Federal generals for the expected battle of Manassas.

Meanwhile great activity prevailed in the head-quarters of the Confederate army. Our chief, Beauregard, did not exhibit his generalship to the best advantage, having proposed various plans to his generals, which they could not comprehend. Thus, when Beauregard learnt that General Scott had given orders to M'Dowell to take the offensive and offer battle, he himself wished to adopt that plan, and it was only by General Johnston's interposition that the idea of so injudicious a manœuvre was abandoned. Johnston advocated defensive tactics, and showed in the clearest manner that, owing to the actual position of affairs, we ought first to await the shock of the enemy before taking the offensive. Despite these arguments, Beauregard remained unshaken in his opinion, and this day

placed his talents as a great commander in their true light.

General Johnston's troops advanced in dense masses through Ashby's Gap, establishing a communication with Beauregard's corps on the Potomac, the left wing of which it now formed.

General Bee then occupied the advanced posts with the 4th Alabama, 2nd and 11th Mississippi, and the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 9th, 19th, and 35th Virginia regiments, so as to allow the remainder of the army time to effect its movements unmolested, and take up its proper positions.

Ewell's brigade had taken post at Union Mill; whilst General Jones occupied M'Lane's Ford; General Longstreet Blackburn's Ford; and General Bonham, with his division, Mitchell's Ford. General Coke and Colonel Evans were placed at the extremity of the right wing, and Holmes's and Early's brigades were held in reserve, ready to advance whenever their services might be required. The centre and flanks were covered by our heavy batteries.

The order of battle this day comprised, on the side of the Confederates, including Johnston's corps and General Kirby Smith's brigade, a force of 65,000 infantry, 4000 cavalry, and a park of artillery of sixty-eight guns, partly rifled and partly smooth-bored cannon. Thus we were numerically in greater force than the enemy, and it was only in the event of Patterson's corps coming up in time that the Federal army would have outnumbered ours.*

The Confederates held Bull-Run River to the extent of from nine to eleven miles, and with eager impatience awaited the battle. As soon as the enemy's artillery opened fire generally upon our line, a number of their batteries were needlessly brought into play, their services not being yet required or likely to prove useful. But the men were animated with such ardour

* *Note.*—In making the above comparison between the respective forces of the hostile armies engaged at the battle of Manassas, it is only fair to premise that the Confederate General, Kirby Smith's brigade, did not arrive in the field until near the close of the action.

that possibly no counter-order could have prevented them from firing. Perhaps these over-zealous combatants fancied that the roar of their guns would give courage to the timid and hesitating. Many a wondering glance followed the balls as they flew over our heads, and it was almost ludicrous to see the men duck their heads at a given signal, and pay a respectful salaam to the iron missile as it over-shot its mark.

After the batteries had maintained a steady fire for some time, without either army showing any intention of coming to closer quarters, General Beauregard rode along our lines urging the men to display unfaltering bravery. Just then a body of the enemy's infantry was seen to move rapidly from the centre, and to form into attacking columns, these troops being probably sooner tired than our own of the cannonade, and were consequently impatiently eager to attack us.

This was a moment of exciting and painful suspense. The military bands of our foes struck up "Yankee Doodle" to encourage their advancing troops. The necessary dispositions

having been promptly made, their columns advanced against a small group of houses that had been occupied by our men, under General Evans, to whom the command of the position had a few hours previously been transferred from the hands of General Bee.

About noon the enemy sent their sharpshooters forward in large numbers, and these kept up a well-sustained fire. Immediately afterwards the heads of the attacking columns came into view, entering the battlefield in tolerably good order, but not with sufficient rapidity; a few minutes later the battle raged violently in this quarter. By the side of the cluster of houses we had drawn up a battery of sixteen guns, and these dealt death and destruction amongst the ranks of the enemy. The Federal troops, however, stood our fire with great steadiness, they advanced boldly, and drove out our men from the houses in question.

Beauregard now sent Fisher with his brigade to support them, and he attacked the successful assailants with such determined spirit that he recovered possession of the

houses, driving the enemy's troops before him. Scarcely, however, had our troops regained ground, when General Evans issued an order that Fisher's brigade on the right should manœuvre towards Longstreet's division, whilst himself would endeavour to maintain the position that had been recovered. But the enemy, now coming up with strong reinforcements, and supported by a battery of horse artillery, made a desperate onslaught on Evans's division. The battle at this point was now at its height. In vain did that General endeavour to maintain his position until reinforcements should arrive. The enemy's leaders were indefatigable in urging on their troops, and their attack was so overpowering that our men were at length driven back, and the cluster of houses once more fell into the hands of our foes. General Evans then withdrew reluctantly behind the batteries with his shattered force, to give his men time to draw breath, and recruit themselves after their hard toil, and desperate but baffled efforts to hold their ground.

Whilst this minor but deadly contest was

going on on our left, General Beauregard about one o'clock gave the order along his entire line to advance. General Jackson, with his whole division, supported by that of Ewell, then made a desperate attack upon the enemy's centre. The collision was fearful. The Federal troops held their ground without wavering, and Jackson's close encounter recoiled before the dense mass of foes opposed to him. The desperation and endurance with which both sides fought at this point entitled them to high praise. Despite the most gallant efforts, General Jackson was obliged to leave the field with his mangled division. At this conjuncture General Beauregard made his appearance, and in person led Bee's and Early's divisions in support; but the men now seemed discouraged, and advanced reluctantly. The enemy then attempted to strike a blow at our left, when Colonels Stuart and Ashby, at the head of their cavalry, dashed into them with a loud cheer, using sword and revolver with such effect that they cut quite through them. This dashing and successful exploit inspired our troops with renewed courage. Meanwhile

General Jackson had again collected his forces, and made strenuous efforts to redeem his mishap. Like lions his men rushed headlong upon the foe, stemmed their advance, and recovered some of the lost ground.

During the progress of these operations those of our troops on the left wing, who occupied the cluster of houses before mentioned, had again lost their position. The enemy tried hard to derive still greater advantage from this further success, and accordingly constructed a masked battery upon the plateau opposite to the houses; and they succeeded, in the course of the day, in posting, at this critically important point, Rickett's and Griffin's brigades. As soon as the battery was planted it opened fire, and sent forth a storm of projectiles amongst our unprotected men. The havoc which these guns caused in our ranks was most serious. General Johnston, feeling that the plateau was easily accessible, ordered up a battery of twelve-pounder rifled cannon from the reserve, and gave orders that the enemy should be driven from that point.

With the greatest coolness and energy the commander of our battery set to work ; but all his efforts failed before the activity of the enemy's fire, which had been concentrated upon our guns as soon as the commander of the hostile battery divined our intention. Their first shot killed the artillery officer in command, besides dismantling two of our guns, and killing and wounding a number of the gunners. Our position at this part of the field was very critical. As often as our battalions were marshalled in order to advance to the attack, their columns were riddled by the enemy's shot, which was poured in with such deadly effect as to cause disorder and confusion in our ranks.

General Johnston repeatedly cast anxious glances towards that part of the field where Kirby Smith's division was expected to advance from Winchester. From the effect of five hours' almost incessant fighting his men had become sadly exhausted, and their distress was greatly augmented by the force of the sun's rays, which darted down so scorching

a glare as to take away, for a time, what little strength remained to his worn-out troops. There was yet no sign of Kirby Smith's advance, and a moody despair began to show itself in the men's countenances, as if indicating that their courage was about to droop from sheer hopelessness. In this state of matters General Johnston made another resolute attempt to rally his troops, and seizing the flag of the 6th North Carolina regiment, conjured his men to stand by him, and save the honour of the Confederate cause; then, at the head of the above-named regiment, he rushed furiously on the advancing foe. Nothing could now prevail against these men, who fought with all the madness of despair. Nothing could stop their onward rush; they broke through the enemy's ranks, and a terrible hand-to-hand conflict ensued, to depict which adequately would be impossible. Who could relate all the scenes of desperate daring and almost superhuman bravery that were here displayed? Without stopping, Johnston, followed by the North Carolina regiment and a portion of Bonham's brigade, made a rush

for the plateau occupied by the hostile brigades of Ricket and Griffin.

General M'Dowell, convinced of the importance of this post, had sent Corcoran's Irish regiment to its support. The latter had on the way thrown aside everything that could impede their movements, and, at the point of the bayonet, repelled, in splendid style, all Johnston's attacks. Johnston, driven to despair, and almost fatigued to death by excitement and exertion now leaned against a tree, and unable to suppress his vexation, continually stamped his foot on the earth. The fighting here was truly heroic. Generals Fisher of North Carolina, and Barton of Georgia, fell nearly at the same time; and right and left the men dropped bathed in blood, yet not an inch of ground was lost or won.

At this most critical moment of the day, a portion of General Jones' brigade now makes its appearance on the field with a fresh body of troops from Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana. With a loud "hurrah," these men throw themselves impetuously upon the enemy, already confidently exulting in anticipated

victory. At the same time, in order to stem their farther advance, Johnston, with his aide-de-camp, hastens down to the thinned ranks of his fine division, and endeavours again to rouse the dejected spirit of his men. They respond to his appeal; although panting from heat and fatigue, the brave fellows cannot refuse to follow their beloved and gallant commander. Again his shaken ranks are formed into a compact column, and stimulated by the rallying cry of "Forward!" this heroic band, with their physical strength all but exhausted by their previous exertions, dash irresistibly into the battle, determined there to seek either victory or death.

Even the Irishmen, who had hitherto stood like a rock under their able colonel, Corcoran, could not withstand this shock. They, too, were dead beat by the incessant hard fighting. Thus we were enabled to gain a little ground, which served still further to rouse the courage of our men. Like two thunder-clouds driven into collision by a fierce tempest, the hostile masses closed. "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!" shouted our men, and "On to Rich-

mond!" was responded by the foe. The Federal gunners were obliged to cease firing, in order not to mow down their own men, and sword and bayonet were alone used to do their deadly work in this murderous *mêlée*.

Gradually the resistance of our opponents slackened—they began to give way. One more attack—one more headlong wild rush, regardless of death and horrible mutilation—one more desperate grapple—and the enemy is hurled back. A loud cheer then burst from our ranks, accompanied with exulting cries of, "They give way! they give way!" and exerting their remaining powers to the utmost, our men make a final and crushing onslaught. The enemy is compelled to relinquish his hard-earned advantages, and seeks shelter behind his guns, which are brought up in all haste, but in vain.

The Confederates having become again masters of the important plateau, with a portion of the batteries posted there, forthwith turn the guns against the columns advancing to the support of the enemy, which are now exposed to a galling fire.

The battle on the left wing had thus terminated in our favour. Johnston had defeated all the attempts of the enemy to maintain the plateau and the group of houses, and drove them back, with a great loss in killed and wounded, on their reserve. We now stood in special need of a good body of cavalry. If Johnston, at the moment the enemy gave way, had been so fortunate as to have two or three cavalry regiments at his disposal, our success would have been a decisive one. Our infantry was so worn-out with heat and toil, that the men were not capable of performing the comparatively light duty of pursuing the beaten foe. Our success was, consequently, not complete. Moreover, had we been better provided with cavalry, we might have effectually relieved our centre when it was so hard pressed by General M'Dowell.

General Johnston felt very anxious lest the enemy should become aware of our weakness, and return to the attack. He therefore sent aide-de-camps and orderlies, in all haste, in the direction where Kirby Smith's division

was expected. If his troops should arrive in time our men might get some of the rest they so much needed. But this hope was likely to prove a vain one. Not a trace was to be seen either of Kirby Smith's or of any other fresh troops; and the mind of Johnston was sorely troubled at contemplating the dearly-purchased advantages he had obtained, with his gallant soldiers thus placed in jeopardy, as the prospect of maintaining the ground they had won, and following up their success, seemed to fade away.

Meantime, the battle had been raging along the whole line. General Beauregard, informed of Johnston's success on the left wing, did not wish to be behindhand on his part, and exerted all his energy to strike a decisive blow at the enemy. He therefore ordered General Longstreet to place himself at the head of the attacking columns, and directed a general advance. Admirably did Longstreet lead his men on, and he was followed by the brigades of Kershaw and Coke in support. The enemy's troops calmly awaited our attack, and from a masked battery opened a destruc-

tive fire upon Longstreet's corps. This, however, did not check its advance for one moment; on it dashed in utter contempt of death, with fixed bayonets, across the plain and over some small brushwood which separated it from the foe. At this moment the enemy displayed his front; various guns, hitherto unperceived, poured a regular shower of grape into our attacking columns, causing whole ranks to be swept down on the blood-stained field. The two supporting brigades, beholding this terrible havoc of their comrades, with cries of rage and anguish burst from their hitherto well-kept ranks, and rushed wildly across the plain to their aid, but before they could come up with them they in turn fell stricken to the ground.

Our foes, confident in the ultimate success of a well-concerted plan of action, defended their position with great skill and determination. Longstreet, rendered desperate by the terrible loss sustained by his men, endeavoured in vain to rally them and inspire them with new courage. His corps was almost annihilated, and many of his men became mixed

up with the other brigades so inextricably that great confusion necessarily ensued, and it was scarcely possible to procure any obedience to orders. Soldiers no longer recognised their officers, nor the officers their men, so incurable was the confusion at that moment. Like madmen, the men fired and struck at their foes without order. All the appeals of Beauregard and his officers were disregarded. The troops, at last, struck with a panic, quite gave way, and ran across the plain which separated them from the wood. They had scarcely turned when some squadrons of the United States regular cavalry followed them in pursuit. Happily for our men the leader of these horsemen did his work inefficiently. Profiting by this, some companies which had hastily got together, somewhat recovered their order, making a sufficient show of resistance to lead him to suppose they meant to repel the attack; thereupon he turned back, and allowed the remainder of our dispersed troops to save themselves.

The disheartened soldiers had scarcely reached the verge of the wood when Colonel Ashby made his appearance with some com-

panies of cavalry, and under this welcome protecting cover many of the fugitives found safety.

The enemy now advanced slowly, but with evident distrust, whilst their artillery kept up a useless fire. Our troops were not disposed to make any further stand. Their great and unlooked-for losses had disheartened them, and it was only when Beauregard came up with a few fresh battalions and a battery that the officers could succeed in enforcing obedience, when they endeavoured, to the best of their ability, to get the disorganized mass into some order and discipline. Beauregard looked sadly, almost beseechingly, towards Heaven, as if no aid could be expected from any other quarter. The few battalions he had brought up were sent to the front, and spread themselves out in an extended line of skirmishers, opening a brisk fire upon the slowly advancing enemy, who probably fancied that much larger reinforcements had arrived than was really the case. Had they known at this critical moment how to turn their advantage to account, there was no need for them to force Beauregard's

centre, disorganized and scattered as it then was.

From the left wing there was no help to be expected; for General Johnston, with his worn-out troops, was incapable of more work, and was only too thankful that he had succeeded in doing so much. The reserves had been so lavishly employed from the very outset, that there were none now available; consequently, our troops were wholly insufficient to resist a fresh attack on the part of the enemy; and if to this be added the general discouragement and the worn-out state of the men, we may infer that in a few minutes more the battle of Manassas might have been decided in favour of the Federals. But it was not to be so: thanks to the slowness of our over-prudent foes, we were saved in our hour of greatest need, and the mighty blow that threatened our destruction fell short of its mark.

Our brave sharpshooters were meanwhile busily annoying the advancing enemy; and the few battalions we still had to cover us kept the enemy at bay, like well-trained hounds when facing a lion; and profiting by his unac-

countable inertness and over-caution, seized the opportunity to attempt, hopeless as the chance appeared, once more to restore our fallen fortunes.

At the very time these momentous events were taking place on the right wing and in the centre, President Jefferson Davis made his appearance on the field, surrounded by a brilliant staff. For a triumphant procession, he must have soon perceived that he came somewhat too early, as he rode in silence along the columns of the brigades. What a sight! The glorious army was, so to say, dissolved. The pride and the flower of the South lay bleeding and broken on the ground, and only a small body still rallied round its tattered banners. The hopes of thousands had been baffled, the joy of other thousands crushed; groans, lamentations, and piteous cries for help were painfully audible on every side. In the midst of the fearful, sickening sight that met the eye of the President, what must the proud heart of that man have felt at this spectacle of misery! What must have been his feelings when the corpses of his friends,

Generals Barton and Fisher—men who had found the death of heroes—were brought in!

With an uneasy hand he clutched his reins, his eye looking dull and sad, his face twitching nervously, influenced perhaps by a painful feeling of responsibility on beholding around him on all sides the poor victims who had fallen in support of the cause identified so closely with his own ambition.

General Beauregard communicated to the President, in a few words, the details of the progress of the battle. The soldiers, meanwhile, stood around in silence, leaning on their weapons. There was something of discontent visible in their looks, which may have seemed to upbraid the President for the policy that had brought them to make such fearful sacrifices.

His Excellency, unable to dwell upon so painful a scene, hastily rode off towards our left wing, but only to see a repetition there of the spectacle he had just endeavoured to avoid.

Scarcely had the President left with his staff, when the enemy made a show of ending by one blow the work that had been so far advanced.

They came boldly forward, drove back our sharpshooters, and approached the spot where we had posted our reserve, our hospitals, and magazines. If our foes could have succeeded in establishing a footing here, all resistance must necessarily have ceased. At this critical moment, Beauregard ordered General Jackson to attack the enemy on the left flank, whilst he should attack them in the centre.

Poor Jackson was, on every occasion, the last resource, and was therefore ordered forward when any difficult or almost impossible work was to be done. But he was always willing and ready, and no one ever heard him utter a complaint, or grumble at any order, however unreasonable. And so it happened to-day: he was again to attack the enemy, although no division had been so hotly engaged, and suffered so much already, as his own. He stirred up the courage of his men, and with unbounded confidence they prepared to follow him. A few moments after Jackson had received his orders he was again alongside the enemy, engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter.

The Federal troops had just crossed a ditch, but Jackson drove them back helter-skelter, and hotly pursued them. The enemy was startled at this forward movement of the Confederates, who scarcely an hour before had appeared defeated and about to retreat. They pulled up, however, at a small ravine, and then made so stout a stand that every attempt of Jackson to drive them from this post failed.

Generals Scott and M'Dowell, observing the fatigued state of our men, resolved at once to make a general attack upon our worn-out line.

General Mills was sent with three brigades to Centreville, to make a demonstration as a feint upon Blackburn and Mitchell's Ford, with a view to mislead General Beauregard; and General Tyler was, meantime, to operate against Stone-bridge; General Heintzelman to advance as quickly as possible against Red House Ford, and take possession of that point. General Hunter, with two brigades, was, in the interval, to clear the ground and drive back the skirmishers.

The enemy carried out this manœuvre with alacrity and a feeling of confidence, whilst our

army, owing to the immense length of our line of battle, was so widely distributed that some portions were left unsupported. Our troops could not prevent the enemy from carrying out their operations, as there was scarcely any possibility of concentrating large masses on one point, an operation that would have been attended, not only with great difficulty, but with much loss of time. Owing to the concentration of the enemy, it was much easier for them to support each other.

Without giving us time thoroughly to understand their plans and to counteract them, the enemy's troops now made a sudden and simultaneous attack upon our whole line. Generals Heintzelman and Burnside made a furious onslaught upon Johnston's wearied troops, and attempted to drive them out of the position they had gained with so much resolution and perseverance.

Johnston was perfectly well aware of the importance of his position, and saw at a glance exactly how he was situated. If the Federals were victorious here, the only chance for the Confederates was to fall back on the

centre, in which case Johnston would have to advance his left wing towards it. But this would cut off the communication with Kirby Smith's corps, for the enemy could then occupy the position thus vacated, throw itself between Johnston and Smith, and capture or crush the latter, who would then have to sustain the attack of their main body.

The enemy's two generals exerted themselves to the utmost to effect their object, but Johnston stood as firm as a rock, and was determined to hold the precious ground he occupied with his troops, until the last man should fall. A conflict on a large scale was, meantime, raging along the whole line. The sultry atmosphere was almost unbearable, and the troops, heated by continual fighting, were tired almost to fainting. With difficulty Johnston gathered his men together, and brought them up, almost desponding, against the enemy. Both parties fought with almost incredible obstinacy. The cannon roared, the rifles cracked, and with wild hurrahs the opponents met in mortal fight. Clouds of smoke and dust shrouded the hor-

rible scenes of butchery here displayed. More than once had they driven back the enemy's attack, when suddenly Hunter's division came up to the support of the latter, thus bringing fresh troops against our worn-out men. This was too much. Despite the great disregard of death which Johnston himself had personally displayed; despite the most heroic attempts at keeping up the courage of his men, it was evident that the position could no longer be held. Attacked on all sides, our troops retreated gradually from their dearly-bought positions, defending every inch of ground with their last remaining strength.

Johnston was now in a state of despair; all seemed to be lost, and the exertions of the whole day fruitless. Like a wounded boar, he rushed about endeavouring to collect the last remnants of his defeated corps; and the tide of fortune was fast setting in against the cause of the Confederacy, when, as an expiring effort, Hampton's legion was now brought up to support Jackson. "You cover the retreat," shouted Jackson; "we are beaten, and must fall back. Then,"

added he, resolutely, "I will again show the enemy our bayonets." In a very short time he had formed his troops into order; and General Bee exultingly exclaimed: "Here stands Jackson like a 'stone-wall,' and here let us conquer or die!"

The exclamation was received with enthusiasm along the whole line. "Stone-wall! stone-wall!" shouted the men; and their courage was renewed as if by magic. Here it was that Jackson earned the imperishable term of *Stonewall* as a prefix to his name. Meantime, the enemy was already in possession of nearly all the important positions. Jackson, fully aware of their value, turned his attention to that quarter. Making a furious rush upon the scared enemy, he attacks them in their centre, and endeavours to hurl them back. A half-battery of 12-pounders did very good service here; and General Bee followed up with the troops of the other division. But all these heroic attempts proved fruitless; the enemy was too strong. Heintzelman and Burnside defended their position with great skill. Johnston

tried a desperate flank movement; but the enemy was not to be deceived. They merely sent their disposable cavalry and a few guns to oppose him; and these troops, by their firm attitude, kept him at bay.

Jackson was finally obliged to leave Johnston to himself, and make a retrograde movement. As soon as the enemy observed this, they determined to annihilate us at one fell swoop. There was no time to be lost now, and only the most heroic resistance could save the fresh regiments that had come up.

The condition of affairs on our side was at this moment desperate indeed. Our left flank was overpowered, and without support it was impossible to do anything with the worn-out troops in that quarter. General Holmes with three regiments, and General Early with some others, and a 6-pounder battery under Captain Walker, accordingly advanced to the support; whilst the routed brigades of Bonham, Kemper, Longstreet, Ewell, and Jones were ordered to make a general attack upon the Federal forces. By the greatest good luck, it so happened that at this moment a body of fresh troops came up from Virginia and Tennessee, and by their

gallant bearing revived the drooping spirits of our men.

Beauregard and Johnston held a conference at Robertson's Farm, at which President Jefferson Davis was also present. But few words could have passed between them; they probably referred to what appeared to be our inevitable retreat. In a few minutes the generals galloped back to their respective posts. It was high time that they did so, for the enemy were pouring in on all sides, overthrowing Beauregard's line of defence. Once more Jackson gathered his men together, and led them on to fight; but every attack failed against the obstinacy of the foe, who resolutely frustrated every attempt made by our men. This hot and sanguinary day was already drawing to a close; the sun was murkily setting in the west, as if it had already witnessed too much misery; darkness was beginning to spread its merciful wings over the scene of battle, over the down-trodden mutilated corpses, and over the numerous wounded that lay scattered over the vast plain. The position of the Confederates became gradually more

untenable; and when stragglers from Beauregard's defeated division came hastily up, one after the other exclaiming, "Beauregard is beaten! Longstreet is killed! all is over!" even the bravest spirits gave way. The roar of cannon drew nearer and nearer, and announced that we really were defeated. Vain were all attempts to stop the confusion which ensued; preparations were made by many for flight, and some, indeed, threw away their arms and fled.

Johnston and Jackson rode like madmen through the ranks of the disheartened soldiers, but their zeal was of no avail. The confusion increased, and masses of Beauregard's routed division came hurrying back, adding to the general bewilderment. All discipline was at an end; the enemy's bullets already began to shower in upon us, and the shout of "Run!" was raised. And now at this moment appeared in sight, at no great distance too, the advancing columns of the anxiously-expected corps of Kirby Smith.

Like an electric shock, the words ran from mouth to mouth through the ranks, "Kirby is coming!" and a thousand voices thundered

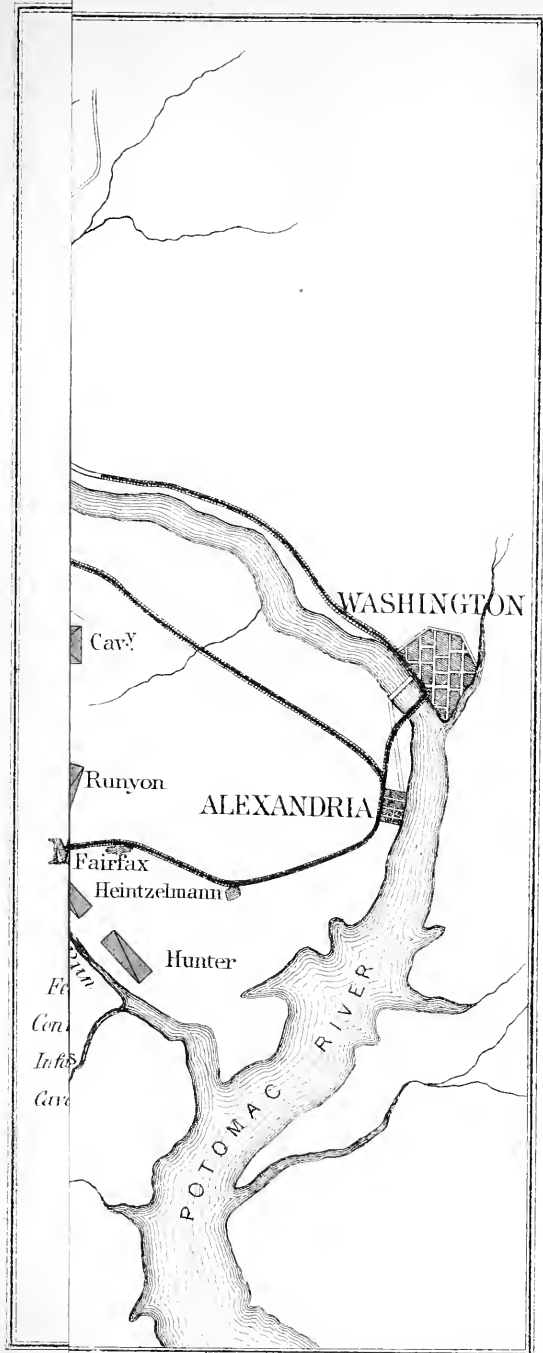
forth, "Kirby is advancing with 30,000 men!" Each eye now flashed with enthusiasm, and each breast heaved with renewed courage.

It was now an easy task for the officers to restore order amongst their men. The new comers are greeted with shouts of "Welcome!" The help that was needed to save the army had come at last. Kirby Smith advanced at once to the attack, and every one felt that his opportune arrival had operated a miraculous change in the state of affairs. The loud cheer that rang along our broken lines now startled the elated advancing enemy.

Like a thunderbolt, Kirby Smith fell upon the foe; our men fought desperately; and in a moment the Federal troops, who had felt certain of victory, were everywhere driven back. Scarcely had they commenced retiring, when it became impossible to restrain our troops. A giant Texan, throwing away his rifle, took out his Bowie knife. With one blow he split the skull of a wounded man who had fallen to the ground; and this became the signal for a general butchery. Like wild beasts, the incensed soldiery fell upon their victims, hewing, stabbing, and slashing like madmen.

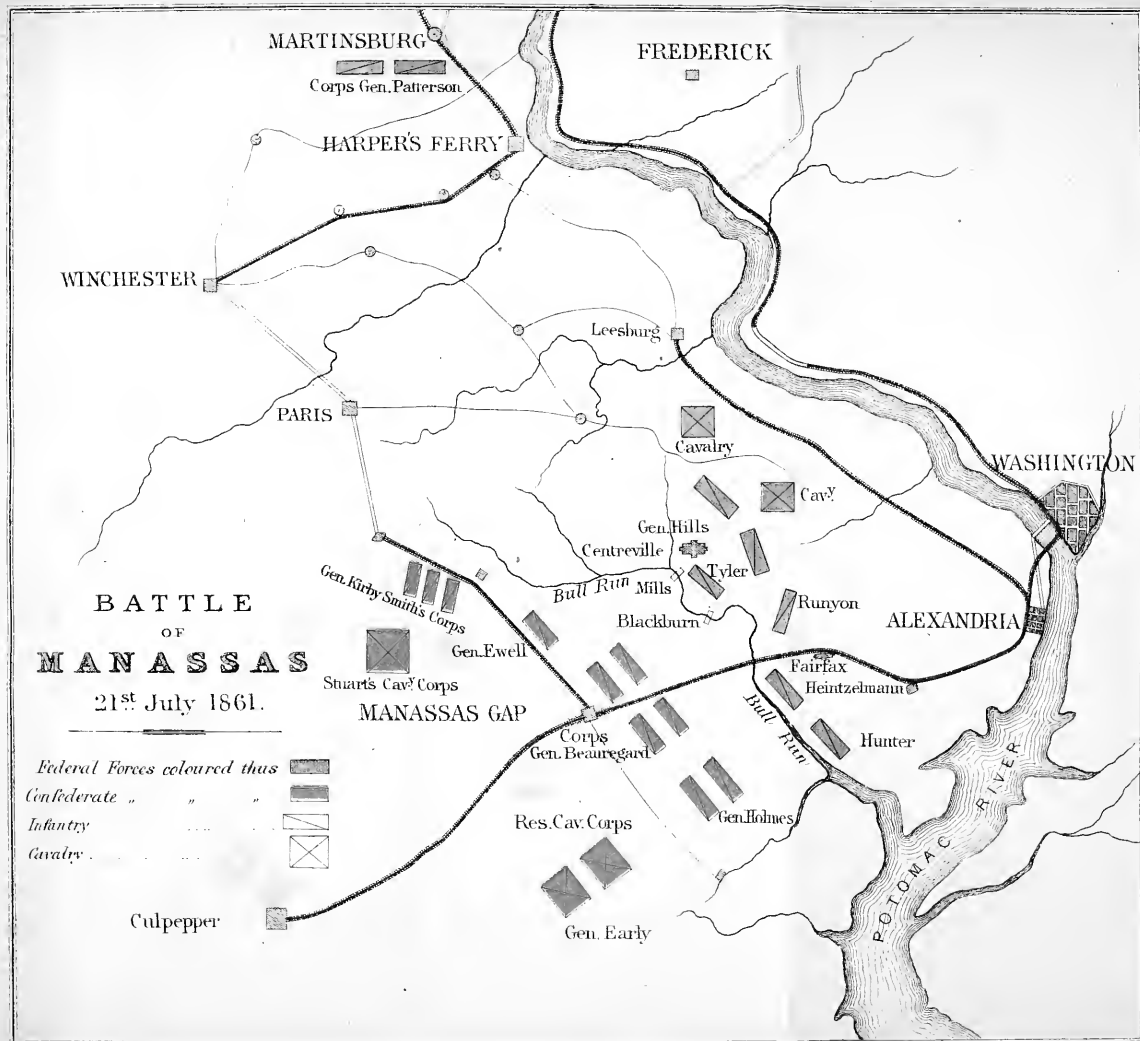
A fearful panic seizes upon the Federal troops. Even the bravest fly before such an onslaught; they give way, and in mortal fear officers and men run for their lives like startled deer. Only a few regiments hold their ground, and amongst them Col. Corcoran's Irish regiment, standing like a rock in the whirlpool rushing past them, and which threatened to carry them along with it. The Irish fought like heroes; and not until a great number of them had fallen, and their brave colonel had been made a prisoner, did they slowly retire. These poor fellows, who had certainly done their full share of the work, could not possibly understand that the day was to end to their disadvantage. The savage spirit of our soldiers now almost bordered upon the horrible. Beauregard took advantage of this vengeful mood, he ordered his whole army forward, and with wild exulting cheers fell upon the broken enemy. Stuart meantime had collected all his cavalry together, and swept across the plain like a whirlwind, clearing everything before him.

The enemy was now in full flight at every



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The enemy was now in full flight at every



point, and so quick was our advance that all order in our ranks was lost, and no regiment kept in its proper position. A rumour suddenly spread among the men that Kirby Smith had fallen. A cry of anger and horror passed through the ranks of the whole army. Our troops, now maddened with rage, fell mercilessly upon their opponents, and a fearful massacre commenced. Scenes of horrible cruelty too fearful for description ensued. Our men were no longer human beings; covered with blood, and dust, and gunpowder, they fell upon their flying opponents with ungovernable fury.

The whole of the enemy's army was dispersed, and retreated in indescribable disorder to Bull's Run. The whole plain was covered with fugitives, followed by our men in hot pursuit. The victory we had gained was complete.

Scarcely was Beauregard informed of the unexpected success of his arms at every point, when he wended his way to the spot where President Jefferson Davis had posted himself with his staff.

"President," said he, "the battle of Manassas

has been won by the indomitable bravery of the Confederate troops. The victory is ours!"

The President, with emotion, embraced the hero of Manassas; the Confederacy was safe now for some time to come, and with it the position of its President.

It was past midnight, and at head-quarters nothing was yet known of the actual position and condition of the troops. In the wild, disorderly pursuit, all the regiments had become disorganized, and in many cases the commanding officers failed in getting their orders obeyed. The roar of cannon had now become fainter, and the sound of musketry had ceased altogether.

The destruction and devastation which this battle of nearly twelve hours' duration occasioned is beyond my powers of description. On the field lay by thousands the wounded, the dying, and the dead; groans and piteous cries for help echoed through the silence of the night, but few took any notice of the poor sufferers lying on that field of blood. The preparations for conveying and taking care of the wounded were so defective, the means for attending to their

wants so insufficient, and the staff destined for this purpose so small, that but little real help could be bestowed. The sultry air was still insufferable, and augmented the pangs of the wounded; yet the surgeons had no idea of their duties, although the most energetic action on their part was so indispensable.

Beauregard and the other generals were fairly bewildered by the victory they had achieved. They already pictured to their fancy the Confederate Government safely seated at Washington, issuing decrees from the Capitol to the vanquished North. But where the army was that had to effect all this, no one knew. A great portion of it lay dead on the field of battle, while the more unfortunate wounded were abandoned heartlessly to their fate. No hospital accommodation had been provided; but little surgical attendance had been prepared for the wretched sufferers. With the greatest difficulty the quarter-masters managed to find room for some 1500 to 2000 of our own wounded, while those of the enemy, in still greater number, required accommodation. But whose business was this? The greater portion of the army

was busied in plundering; from which occupation many repaired joyfully homewards, refusing obedience to their officers, and inflated with pride at the valiant deeds they had performed.

Our army was just then *de facto* dissolved, and there were but few troops amongst them who could be counted upon. But in the sad scene that lay before me, I could not stand by unconcerned at the sight of so much uncared for misery; my heart bled at the lamentable cries for help of the poor fellows lying around me. I then proceeded to visit the prisoners, and on inquiring if there were no medical men amongst them, I found a few, and with these proceeded to our left wing, where the fight had been fiercest. It was a sorrowful kind of work we took in hand; as soon as we came to the scene of the struggle, friend and foe lay side by side in one undistinguishable mass, the dead and dying crowded together in a frightful heap, mixed with broken ammunition carts and fragments of baggage.

We set about putting the houses which stood near the plateau, that had been the scene of

such murderous strife, into the best order we could. Riddled as they were, however, with cannon-shot, they were now mere shells. Carpenters and joiners did their best to turn them into a sort of temporary hospital, but the darkness of the night much impeded our exertions, and it was not till three o'clock in the morning that our first preparations were completed.

At five o'clock I again visited the field of battle. Our generals had given up all further pursuit of the enemy, and were occupied in restoring order amongst the troops—order out of chaos indeed! The whole population of the neighbourhood was collected together, partly in search of booty, partly to inquire after the fate of relations and friends, and being intermingled with the troops, the whole presented the appearance of a roving mob. No one seemed disposed to obey the orders of his superiors or attend to his duties; the commanders themselves relaxed their grasp on the troops, and were dragged into the whirlpool. Numerous bands of soldiers strolled about, howling and bawling, and otherwise

misbehaving themselves. Many deserted, for discipline and subordination were at an end; and the army of the Confederates was virtually broken up, despite the victory it had achieved.

If General Scott had had a reserve at hand, behind the ranks of which his troops could have been re-formed, he might easily have restored the fortunes of the day, and at any rate have deprived the Confederates of all the advantages of the victory. His cavalry had not suffered much, and he could have ordered up Patterson's corps in all haste from Martinsfield by forced marches, and by displaying a little energy and presence of mind, have retrieved the disaster that had befallen the Union banner.

But, on the other hand, the disorder and panic in the Federal army must nevertheless have been very great. The whole line of road taken by the Federals in their retreat was strewn with weapons, dead and wounded horses, waggons, baggage, in sad evidence of their utter rout. At Cub Run Bridge, to all appearance, there must have been an awful crush amongst the fugitives, the main stream

of which, being pursued by Early's and Stuart's cavalry, infantry, and artillery, hurried on in such a helter-skelter style to place the river between themselves and the pursuers, that the bridge was thoroughly blocked up by the jamming together of waggon and horses. In fact, confusion reached its culminating point at this bridge. In their frantic efforts to escape, the Union soldiers climbed over the obstructing carriages, some of which were overturned; while in the midst of all this tumult the first shots of Kemper's pursuing battery began to take effect, thereby increasing the panic to the most fearful height.

Hundreds of curious spectators who had come in carriages and on horseback to witness the victory of the Federal troops, now added, by their useless and obstructive presence, to the disastrous effects of the retreat, beseeching the exhausted soldiers to help them, who could not save themselves; horses without riders, bespattered with blood and frantic from wounds, dashed into the human mass, and contributed another phase of terror to the deplorable scene. Self-preservation was now absolute in its sway.

Every man sought to save his own life regardless of that of his comrade, whom he savagely thrust out of his way; for they well know that the Confederate horsemen were at their heels. On they came, like the wind, sweeping all before them, and trampling many a poor wounded fellow to death. Nearer and nearer, too, the dreaded roar of the cannon reached their ears. Thus but one thought, but one idea, self-preservation, prevails with the tangled mass of hunted fugitives.

The flight of the Federal troops continued till they reached Centreville, where was posted Mill's brigade. There, in fact, were reserves which had not been turned to account in the action: reserves that might have done good service if made use of at the proper time and place; but it would seem as if every man had lost both head and heart. The very thought of a retreat had never entered their minds, still less that of a defeat, with such confidence had the generals gone to work. But what is no less singular, no arrangements for the pursuit of the enemy in case of victory had been made. All things considered, it is impossible to avoid

severely censuring the Federal commanders for their want of foresight.

Neither General Scott nor General M'Dowell had given any orders to General Mill to hold his brigade in readiness to meet any emergency, and consequently this officer found his efforts to check the torrents of fugitives, and to collect any of them so as to make a stand, utterly futile: the panic was overwhelming, and the reserve itself was presently whirled away in the vortex.

Let us, in conclusion, bestow another glance on the field of battle. What a horrible, lamentable episode in this fratricidal contest did it not present to the mind; and the man who could, on beholding it, remain unmoved at the terrible scene must have had a heart of stone. The reader must forgive me if I now refer to details in which my own active participation became essential. My description is only meant to give a faint sketch of the utter helplessness and neglect of precaution that I was shocked to witness. Prompted by feelings of conscientiousness and humanity, I made it my duty to seek out and attend upon the wounded; and the more so

when I found that the work of alleviating their sufferings was performed with evident reluctance and want of zeal by many whose duty it was to do it. I looked upon the poor fellows only as suffering fellow-mortals, brothers in need of help, and made no distinction between friend and foe; nay, I must own that I was at times prompted to give preference to the latter, for the reason that some of our men met with attention from their relations and friends, who had flocked to the field in numbers to seek for them. But in so doing I had to encounter opposition, and was even pointed at by some, with muttered curses, as a traitor to the cause of the Confederacy, for bestowing any attention on the "d—d Yankees." To ensure safety from my own comrades, I waited upon General Jackson, and explained to him the task I had undertaken. He shook me warmly by the hand, saying: "You are right; as a European officer you must know what a new army most stands in need of. Act, therefore, according to your own judgment, and, if necessary, shoot any ruffians who may dare to interfere with you in your work of humanity."

Thus sanctioned, I returned, and went cheerfully to work. I took up a position in the centre of the battle-field; and from this, as a radiating point, sent my men out with stretchers, bandages, refreshments, &c., to succour the wounded. Many of our officers and men looked on with more than indifference at my exertions when bestowed on wounded enemies. But I persevered, and towards evening we had three hospitals: one for the slightly wounded, one for amputations and other serious cases, and one for those who were wounded beyond all hope. The picture of human misery displayed in these ill-provided asylums was a heartrending one. A young Federal officer especially engrossed my sympathy. Pale as death, he lay with eyes shut and closed lips, whilst tears rolled down his cheeks. "Courage, comrade," I said, cheerfully; "the day will come when you will calmly remember this battle as one of the things of the past." Gradually opening his eyes, and holding out his hand, he pressed mine, and exclaimed, in a trembling voice, "Do not give me false hopes, sir: it is all up with me." In

vain did I endeavour to cheer his flagging spirit. "I do not grieve that I shall die," he quietly observed; "for with these stumps" (and he lifted the coverlet, to show me that both his feet had been smashed by a round shot,) "I cannot live long; but I weep for my poor distracted country. But had I a second life at my command, I would willingly sacrifice it for the cause of the Union." Deeply moved, I stood by the couch of this gallant youth, who with his dying breath still spoke in the same patriotic strain. His eyes had again closed; a faint smile passed over his face, like the young dawn of another world. Suddenly he rose nervously in the bed, while his whole frame quivered; and, after exclaiming in distinct tones, "Mother!—father!" he fell back. His features became rigid—his spirit had fled.

Here, amongst enemies, he breathed out his young life, far away from his beloved relations, and none of them will probably ever learn where and how he died. There was nothing to give us any clue to his identity, with the exception of a small locket with the portrait of a fair young girl, which he wore round his

neck. I put it upon the dead man's breast, and took care to have it buried with him in the small grave that had been dug to receive his body, under the shade of a large cherry-tree. How many must have died in a similar manner, far from their friends, without one word of consolation, without one friendly look to cheer their last moments!

But enough of this: I could describe a hundred similar scenes which I witnessed in the hospitals, but the liveliest imagination of the reader could not portray the sad reality of such pictures of woe and misery as it was my fate to behold. If the great and powerful among men could but once make themselves acquainted, by personal observation, with such hospital scenes, they would shudder more than they are prone to do at the horrors of war, and would resolve never to draw the sword or advocate a resort to it for any light cause.

Our generals did their best to reorganize the army, and proceeded to draw up a report of the battle, but this was but imperfectly accomplished. Johnston's and Longstreet's brigades had suffered most, as they were

nearly the whole day under fire. Nearly every company lost from forty to fifty men in killed and wounded. The loss in officers especially was excessive, some regiments having nearly every officer *hors de combat*. The deaths of Generals Bee, Barlow, and Fisher were universally regretted. General Barlow fell at the head of the 4th Georgia regiment, and with his dying breath encouraged his men. Fisher had only arrived a few days previously with the 6th North Carolina regiment, and here found the death of a hero. General Bee, a former pupil at West Point, was much beloved by his men; he fell in the last attack, and his troops became almost frantic when they learned the death of their commander.

According to the report drawn up, the loss of the Confederate army was 879 men killed, and 2963 wounded. The loss of the Federal army could not have been less—rather greater if anything. The brigades of General Tyler, Heintzelman, Hunter, and Franklin were fearfully cut up. These troops, officers and men, who held out to the very last, are entitled to

the highest praise. Griffin's battery rendered admirable service.

The spoils won by the Confederate army were very considerable. Besides capturing 28 guns, partly dismounted, they took about 1600 prisoners, including several officers, a quantity of arms, carriages, ammunition, baggage, &c; amongst other things, a state-carriage and pair, in the inside of which a pair of epaulettes were found, without an owner. A rumour prevailed that this was the victorious car of General Scott, in which he had intended to make his triumphal entry into Richmond.

However, the severe blow dealt to the Federal cause by the defeat at Manassas, so far from discouraging the Union Government, aroused it to new activity. A desire for vengeance spread through the whole North. The greatest excitement prevailed; recruits poured in from all quarters; and in a short time a larger and more powerful army was collected and brought into training than ever before was seen on that continent. General M'Clellan was appointed to the command of this army, and it

may be fairly asserted that if this general had held the command a few weeks earlier, the battle of Manassas would not have been lost.

In the South, on the other hand, matters proceeded more recklessly than ever. No attempt was made to remedy the confusion and carelessness that had got the upper hand. Our politicians were intoxicated with the success of our arms. They felt as if they could dictate to the world. "Had not the battle of Manassas," they reasoned, "shown that we possessed the best generals in the world, that every soldier was a hero,—in short, that the South must conquer, and that the subjugation of the North was at hand?"

CHAPTER X.

RICHMOND AFTER THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Rejoicings in the town—Adventurers—Gambling-hells—
Provost-Marshal Winter—Secret police—John Minor
Botts one of their innocent victims—His sufferings—
Deplorable state of Richmond.

THE exultation at the defeat of the great Federal army bordered in Richmond upon the fabulous. The whole town was in a state of the greatest excitement, and this was kept up by the public press. Since the Government had fixed its seat at Richmond, a complete change seemed to have come over the population. The town was thronged with adventurers from every quarter; and the population, which was formerly 30,000, had greatly increased. A number of gambling-houses from New Orleans and California had started into existence, and were plying their nefarious trade with an im-

pudence that is scarcely credible. They seemed to spring out of the earth like weeds, so that Richmond in a short time counted no less than one hundred and seventy of them. Added to this, robberies of the worst description were perpetrated amongst our quiet population, so that the better classes began seriously to think of migrating from Richmond into the interior of the country.

The Government having lost nearly all power of control, appointed as provost-marshal for the State of Virginia, with the rank of a brigadier-general, a former colonel of the United States army, F. Winter, of Baltimore. All the Baltimore men who had taken up their quarters at Richmond now fancied they could all have their own way, and scenes occurred which created the greatest alarm amongst the peaceable citizens. In the public streets, at the theatre, and in the boarding-houses, men were attacked and murdered, and at night scarcely any one dared to walk in the streets. General Winter, who seriously intended to put down these disorders, formed a secret police, which, however, unfortunately

consisted for the most part of banished Baltimore men, and, to their disgrace be it said, of a number of German Jews. A fearful state of things now grew up in Richmond. Assassinations and murder were the order of the day; all attempts of General Letscher and Major Mayo to restore the former state of order and tranquillity failed in presence of this secret police, whose first victims were a number of our most esteemed citizens—amongst others, the Hon. John Minor Botts.

The accusation brought against him was that he was in secret communication with the enemy, that he was a member of a secret society, whose object was to capture President Davis and his Cabinet, and to give them up to the enemy. To crown this act of villany, an individual from New Orleans, who had brought with him the reputation of a resurrectionist, and had only escaped imprisonment by flight, came forward as accuser. Despite the evident proofs of the falsity of the accusation, the secret police kept hold of their victim. These scoundrels wished especially to show the Government that they

did not earn their pay for nothing, but that they had a care for the safety of President Jefferson Davis. The town, on the other hand, was not quieter or safer. Peaceable citizens, at their daily avocations, were attacked by armed soldiers, whilst drunken bands rendered the country unsafe for miles round. Against these scandalous proceedings the police took no measures; but worthy citizens not chargeable with any misdemeanour, except that of being loyal subjects and well inclined towards the United States Government, were brought before the provost-marshal and locked up.

Whenever the old State Government of Virginia made a show of punishing the real disturbers of the town, these men were forcibly rescued by the secret police and allowed to resume their villanous work.

For a long time did John Minor Botts, accused of being a traitor, remain a prisoner in durance; and it is almost a miracle that, in face of the mob, which was urged on by the newspapers, he escaped with his life. If ever the United States has to indemnify a

brave patriot for ill-treatment, John Minor Botts is the man.

Attacked and persecuted on all sides, unprotected by his own Government, placed at the tender mercies of an excited populace, he throughout displayed the calmness and dignity of a man conscious of his right, and claiming to be regarded as a free citizen of the United States. Declining all the proposals of the new Government, he remained true to his convictions.

The arrests at Richmond increased daily. An imprudent word heard by one of the secret police-agents, who were always spying about to get men into their clutches, was sufficient to bring the speaker before the provost-marshal, and from thence to prison. Owing to the prevailing espionage, no one felt himself any longer free, or safe from his neighbour; even friends of long standing began to mistrust each other. A fearful state of things had befallen Richmond, which will ever be remembered by its inhabitants. In this city, as elsewhere in the South, trade and commerce came to a standstill, so much so that no man

would buy or sell or barter. It was just as if the town had been occupied by hostile troops, bent upon doing all they could to effect its ruin. Richmond during this period, owing to the mismanagement of the authorities, friends, and protectors, lost all its former prosperity; and the once fine, flourishing town had more the appearance of a den of robbers than the chosen meeting place of the friends of their country. Many an honest citizen in this fearful time offered up a heartfelt prayer to Heaven: "Preserve me, O Lord, from my friends, for I have no fear of the enemy."

CHAPTER XI.

BEAUREGARD COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The victors at Manassas—Inertness of the Confederates
—Activity of M'Clellan—Beauregard fortifies Virginia
—Disorders and sickness in camp—Beauregard goes to
the Mississippi—The army of the Potomac.

WHILST the enemy was working with the utmost zeal to remedy the losses which they had suffered, and whilst their whole attention was concentrated on improving the condition of their troops, carefully adopting every measure which tended to repair the injuries they had received, our generals did literally nothing in the way of preparation for the future. The genius of Generals Smith, Jackson, and Johnston had shone out brightly at the battle of Manassas. It was they who saved the honour of the day, and turned the balance of victory in our favour. Beauregard

was, however, the ostensible hero of Manassas, the man, too, who took Fort Sumter; and who-soever entertained any doubts on the subject, had only to purchase, at the cost of two cents, the *Richmond Despatch*, where it was printed in black and white that the most victorious warrior of the age was no other than General Beauregard. It was really most surprising to observe the inertness which followed the battle of Manassas. Our War Department, our generals, our soldiers, were all reposing on their laurels, lost in the happiest dreams of their late success. Nothing was done towards insuring the fruits of this victory. The idea of having beaten the Northern army was so consoling, that the Southerners began to think that what every experienced military man urged—namely, that the soldier should be taught, as he had still everything to learn—was pure folly. “We have now,” they said, “beaten the greatest general of the age” (for poor Winfield Scott was up to that time so regarded), “we have destroyed his army, and consequently it would be a waste of time to drill, exercise,

and do other things of that kind; they would now be superfluous."

"Europeans," they said, "who do not know how to kill time, and who are not made of the same stuff as we, who all are born heroes and soldiers, believe in all this nonsense. We need only draw our dreaded Bowie knives, and every enemy who is able to run will do so."

These ideas predominated among the soldiers of the army of the Potomac, and the officers took no pains to counteract them. This was indeed a great pity, as the raw material existed, and every element was there for the creation of a first-rate army, if in the hands of a general competent to the task. When General M'Clellan was appointed to the supreme command of the Federal army, and set to work to strengthen his position by the construction of field-works, in order to be enabled to proceed the better with the reorganization of his forces, Beauregard at last began to bestir himself and to rouse his officers and men from their lethargy. Fortified works on a grand scale were now undertaken, and, indeed, the preparations were so extensive that it appeared

as if the whole State of Virginia was to be fortified. No steps were, however, taken to provide for a winter campaign, for the erection of hospitals, the improvement of the roads, or the instruction of the soldiers. While the strict blockade maintained by the United States fleet deprived us of many necessities.

We were especially ill-provided with medicines and clothes, and the troops suffered greatly in consequence. Added to this, sickness broke out in Beauregard's camp. It was the more serious, inasmuch as our authorities had never directed their attention to any sanitary precautions. Wounded men and horses were alike treated in the most negligent manner, and the consequences were indeed appalling. Dead horses lay about in hundreds as they had fallen, and nobody seemed to care about it, or to take any steps to put an end to a state of things so detrimental to the health of the army. Before long, the hospitals in Beauregard's camp became enormously overcrowded, and the scythe of death reaped a large harvest in the narrow lanes of the camp, mowing down the lately blooming youth of the

South. Happily for the army, General Beauregard received orders to assume the command of the Confederate army on the Mississippi, and he at once left for his new destination, to try conclusions with the Federal General, Buell. It was, indeed, high time for a change in the administration of the army of the Potomac, as the demoralization, negligence, and the lax discipline which permitted the soldiers to assume a bearing which verged on actual insubordination, were becoming quite unbearable. Pale, haggard faces peered out upon you from the tents, and forms worn to the bone by hunger and disease tottered about. Nobody seemed to exert any authority, and nobody was disposed to obey. Like master, like man; no one cared for the other; no one looked to the future—all lived for the day, as if no to-morrow was to come, and there was no enemy to contend with. Beauregard left his army in the most deplorable condition, hurrying straight to the scene of his future defeat, a defeat which he had only escaped at Manassas by sheer good fortune.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Western Virginia—General Wise—General Henningsen
—Head-quarters, Charleston, Va.—The enemy crosses
the Ohio—General Wise abandons Charleston, and
hands over the command to Henningsen.

THE campaign which now commenced in Western Virginia offered features of peculiar interest. It is to be regretted that the Confederate Government did not sufficiently appreciate the value of this mountainous region. It was looked upon as a sort of Siberia, and the generals and troops sent there were regarded as exiles.

General Wise, who was feared on account of his upright and straightforward character, received orders to establish his head-quarters in Western Virginia; to drive back the Federal troops, which had already crossed the

Ohio; to keep the country clear, and to make a demonstration in the direction of Wheeling, in order to dislodge the Virginian Legislature, which still lingered there, and remained true to the Union. This was no small task in itself; but the orders, which had been given him with no friendly intent, did not daunt the old soldier. He inquired, with quiet earnestness of manner, what troops would be placed at his disposal for the accomplishment of his task, and was told by the Minister of War, that as the Government had principally to keep the Potomac in view, the War Department was under the necessity of sending all reinforcements in that direction; that he (General Wise) must endeavour to collect what troops he could in Virginia itself, and that the Government would take care that he should be well supplied with ammunition.

Any other general would, in all probability, have thrown up his commission. General Wise, however, politely took leave of the official authorities, and resolved to accomplish the difficult task allotted to him.

At Richmond his friends received him with

the most hearty welcome. Officers and men tendered their services. General Henningsen, an Englishman by birth, well known in Europe, was one of the first to wait upon him. General Henningsen, a man gifted with a fine commanding exterior, and endowed with great abilities, proffered his services in the most handsome manner. General Wise, though suffering from ill-health, then worked day and night in making the necessary preparations for the campaign. He issued a proclamation to the people of Virginia, which was heartily responded to. In a short time having assembled a considerable force, he resolved to move his head-quarters to Louisville. From this point he proceeded down the Kanowka valley, where he was received with great respect, not from his being a general of the Confederate army, but from the grateful sense entertained of his conduct when formerly acting as governor of that district.

The Virginian representative at Congress was George Summers, member of the Washington Government, who enjoined his con-

stituents to remain true to the Union, or, at least, to observe a strict neutrality.

General Wise, without impediment, arrived at the small town of Charleston, and there established his head-quarters.

In a short time his little army numbered 2500 infantry, 700 cavalry, and three battalions of artillery. Colonel Tomkins, formerly in the United States army, joined him shortly afterwards with a few companies, which brought up his effective strength to 4000 men. As regards the Virginian recruits, or volunteers, they were scarcely of any use whatever. General Wise chiefly depended upon a small body of men, consisting of one company under the command of his son, and upon three or four squadrons of cavalry, and the artillery, which was deficient, however, in guns.

The Federal troops took up a position at Parkinsburg and Point Pleasant, on the Ohio. Their commander having ordered his troops up the Kanowka river, in order to dispute the possession of the valley, General Wise directed Colonel Patton to drive the enemy from the river. An engagement ensued, in

which Colonel Patton was severely wounded; but he succeeded partially in driving back the enemy.

It was at this juncture that the news arrived of General M'Clellan's success at Rich Mountain. General Wise thereupon, fearing an attack from superior forces, ordered defensive works to be constructed on Gauley River, and sent in a report of what he had done to the Government at Richmond, requesting reinforcements and supplies of arms and ammunition. Suddenly the news reached the camp that the enemy, after crossing the Ohio, had arrived at Marietta. General Wise immediately advanced against them. An engagement ensued, in which the enemy got the worst of it, and retreated. The tide of battle, however, presently turned, and after a brilliant cavalry engagement General Wise found it advisable to fall back on Charleston (Va.). Colonel Tomkins, who commanded at Charleston, was ordered to send forward all the troops he could spare towards Ripley, while Colonel Richardson, who commanded the important post at Gauley Bridge, was ordered to keep a

sharp look-out for General Rosencranz, lest he should make a diversion on Gauley River, which would have placed General Wise in the predicament of surrendering at discretion to the enemy.

General Wise effected his retreat in good order. After setting fire to Charleston, he withdrew to Gauley Bridge. He sent his son, Captain Wise, to Richmond, to lay a complaint before the Confederate Government that he had not been properly supported, and tendered his resignation, offering the command to General Henningsen, which was accepted.

CHAPTER XIII.

OPERATIONS ON GAULEY RIVER.

General Henningsen assumes the command of Wise's legion—Floyd as a general—Floyd and Wise—Awkward position of the General—Floyd is attacked—His defeat—Hasty flight—His report to the Ministry of War.

GENERAL HENNINGSEN is one of those men who speak little, but act quickly and with decision. He knew how to gain the love and confidence of his soldiers in the highest degree. As soon as he had reached the headquarters of General Wise, there to assume the command, after a short interview the two officers soon understood each other, and Henningsen, without loss of time, ordered a careful reorganization of the army, which had suffered considerably from fatiguing marches.



BRIGADIER GENL HENNINGSEN



In a few days it was manifest that an able soldier had taken the command; so that all the Government had to do was to send reinforcements, ammunition, arms, and money to pay the troops. The Confederate Brigadier-General Floyd, the former Minister of War of the United States, who had taken up a position in Whiteville, near the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, received orders to hasten his arrangements, and proceed to the support of General Wise's legion. General Floyd, however, preferred a more quiet kind of life. He liked to receive his friends at his country seat in the vicinity, where they could thoroughly enjoy themselves at his well-furnished table, with his excellent wines.

Generals Floyd and Wise were bitter enemies. Floyd often laughed at Wise's mishaps, and when urged by the latter to hasten his preparations, he coolly replied, that as soon as he had assembled his troops he should move; adding, that he would undertake to drive General Rosencranz across the Ohio in a fortnight.

Floyd was much given to expatiate on the great and mighty deeds that were to immor-

talize his name. He was liberal too in making presents. It is no wonder, therefore, that under such circumstances, he had many friends and admirers ready to sing his praises.

He remained, meantime, quietly at his country seat; and it was not until he had been repeatedly urged to move, that he resolved to start with his troops, and afford relief to poor General Wise.

He now proceeded to organize his staff. For its chief, he appointed the editor and proprietor of the *Lynchburger Republican* (a paper said to be in Floyd's pay). His first aide-de-camp was the sub-editor of the same paper; chief engineer, a former mechanist; the leader of his cavalry, a farmer named Harnan, to whom he solemnly promised to bring back the cavalry precisely in the same condition in which it was on going forth to the wars: that is to say, without any loss whatever. Floyd must, therefore, have fully intended to spare his men as much as possible, and to avoid fighting.

These extraordinary arrangements having been completed, General Floyd resolved to

commence his victorious career. He sent his baggage and guns to the railway depôt, that they might be forwarded as far as possible by the train; but here he met with a sad obstruction. Nothing had been prepared for such an eventuality, neither carts nor horses; and although the great general had held his head-quarters at Whiteville for three months, he was quite ignorant of the capabilities of the railway for military purposes. So he had to issue an order for the baggage and artillery to be taken on to the depôt at Newbern, to have it conveyed from thence.

After a three days' march, the officers charged with the mission met with the same annoying obstacle, nothing having been done here to provide the means of transport. The waggons and batteries had, therefore, to return to Whiteville, and to proceed thence over the hills to the appointed place of meeting, White Sulphur Spring.

Floyd's brigade now began to move like a worm, whilst the chief of his staff and his aide-de-camp gave a grand account of the wonderful march in the *Lynchburger Republican*.

The store of flour at Wolf Creek, which had been six months there, was found unfit for use; the bridges over the streams were broken down, and the roads in such a state that they were scarcely passable even for pedestrians, much less for baggage and artillery. At a distance of scarcely forty miles from the city, one of his 12-pounder rifled cannon fell down a declivity, killing men and horses. Thus his operations commenced with a bad omen. Moreover, on the road many of his men deserted; and when, at last, after a most fatiguing march, the brigade reached the appointed rendezvous, instead of 3400 men, with which he started, it numbered only 1200. It is plain, therefore, that before having seen a battle-field, the precious management of the commander had ruined the efficiency of his brigade.

Meantime, Wise's legion, under the admirable management of General Henningsen, had undergone a complete metamorphosis, and, considering the few means placed at his disposal by the Government at Richmond, he had really effected wonders. Both officers and

men placed the fullest confidence in him. Great as were his deserts, he was not properly appreciated by the Confederate Government—most probably by reason of his being a foreigner. This would not have prejudiced his chances of success, had he been inclined to take service in the Federal army.

After much delay, Floyd's brigade did at last make its appearance, and still later came the general himself. The meeting of Floyd and Wise was anything but amiable. General Floyd, as holding superior rank, received with a patronizing air General Wise's address, and his report on the state of the brigade and the measures he deemed advisable. It was really humiliating for the old officer, who had just gone through, if not a successful, at least an honourable campaign, to find himself the subordinate of a man whom he despised, and from whom, he knew very well, he had to expect every species of petty annoyance, for the mean gratification of showing off his superior rank. With a proud bearing and earnest look General Wise paid his visit, but declined the proffered hand, and in a few curt

words said that he awaited his superior officer's orders. On General Floyd inquiring into the condition of his troops, Wise replied that he would order the chief of his staff to present him with the lists, and thus the two commanders separated as unreconciled as before.

On the same day, General Floyd received reinforcements from the 1st Mississippi, Louisiana, and Virginia regiments, and also nine guns from the regular army, which gave to his brigade a formidable accession of strength. On the following day a general order was issued by Generals Floyd and Wise for the troops to advance to Sewell Mountain.

Floyd then proceeded westwards towards Sewell Mountain, where he was followed, a few days afterwards, by Wise's legion: and after driving in the enemy's outposts, he rapidly approached his destination.

General Rosencranz now withdrew his advanced troops from Locust Lane, and took up a position near Hawk's Nest, there to await the further operations of our generals. General Floyd, unmolested, reached Dogwood Gap,

where the road from Summersville crosses that from Louisburg to Charleston, (Va.) Here he placed in position a small battery of two guns to prevent a flank movement on the side of the Federal general, Cox, who was at Carnifex Ferry with about 2000 men.

The main body of the troops then took the direction of Picket's Mill, a few miles distant from the enemy's outposts. Scarcely had we arrived there when two orderlies hastened up to inform us that the enemy's generals, Matthews and Tyler, had made a show of attacking our rear. General Floyd immediately broke up his camp, and commenced his march about midnight, to save his rear as well as his baggage, both of which were in danger.

Generals Wise and Henningsen were ordered to hold Picket's Mill at all risks, and to prevent any flank movement the enemy might attempt at Hawk's Nest. Floyd marched with his brigade rapidly on Carnifex Ferry, which place he reached about noon. He found on his arrival there that the Federal troops

had made a retrograde movement to prevent an attack by our troops on Hawk's Nest. General Floyd then resolved to raise the boats which the enemy had sunk, and therewith convey his troops to the opposite bank, to take possession of the favourable position abandoned by the enemy. As soon as the chief of the Engineers had informed General Floyd that he had completed that prodigious feat, which took him full twenty-four hours, whilst General Price, in half that time, took an army of 13,000 men across the river Osage, the troops were at once conveyed across to the other side. The infantry got safely over, but in conveying the cavalry, one of the large boats was upset, and six men and two horses were drowned. The unfortunate general now found himself in an awkward position: there he was with his infantry on one bank, whilst the whole of his cavalry and artillery remained on the other. The alarm amongst the infantry became every minute greater, for should the enemy get wind of the predicament in which the general was placed, they would not have failed to capture the whole

army without firing a shot. The general shouted to the chief of his Engineers on the other side to construct boats in all haste; but it would have been just as easy for him to jump over the moon as to build a boat. He, therefore, did the best thing he could do; he mounted a horse, and set off as hard as he could go, to inform Generals Wise and Henningsen of the awkward position of their comrade, which news caused the greatest hilarity at head-quarters.

General Henningsen, in this emergency, sent over his chief engineer, Captain Bolton,* who constructed floats quite capable of taking the troops across, although the river was now swollen by heavy rain.

Meantime General Floyd set earnestly to work to fortify his position, and sent out patrols, to ascertain the movements of the enemy. On the following morning, when all the infantry was safely over, news arrived that the enemy, in great strength, was

* An Englishman by birth, who had served in the British army.

moving down from Gauley Bridge, and had already occupied Cross Lane. The commander of the Federal troops had already been apprized of General Floyd's mishap with the ferry-boats, and hastened to endeavour to cut off his infantry. Colonel Tyler, indeed, felt so certain of Floyd and his infantry that he did not go to work seriously enough. Instead of first ascertaining Floyd's real strength and the nature of his position, he was imprudent enough to place his outposts no further than 200 yards from his camp. Floyd, on being informed that the strength of the Federal troops did not exceed 1200 men, resolved to attack them. The plan succeeded. After driving in the outposts by a sudden attack, he compelled the rest to beat a retreat. But this coup-de-main was not of much importance, for the Federal troops were driven back with very little loss; but the chief of the staff delighted the readers of his newspaper with a glowing report, as if General Floyd had achieved a great victory. Floyd could hardly have been ignorant of the motive for this attempt to glorify him; more-

over, he loved to see himself figuring in print as a great general.

This little affair made him, his officers, and men feel quite presumptuous; indeed the idea was entertained of advancing between the forces of Rosencranz and Cox, so as to defeat the one in the vicinity of Hudsonville, and to cut off the retreat of the other on Charleston, and capture him: in short, General Floyd entertained great Napoleonic ideas. His quartermasters received orders to provide ten days' rations for the men, which was done; and his troops having gained some rest, he resolved to commence operations.

As soon, however, as General Rosencranz had been informed of the crossing of the Gauley river by Floyd's troops, as also of the mishap to Colonel Tyler, as quick as lightning he dashed forward on Floyd's flank, and before the latter had become aware of his presence he boldly attacked him, despite the fatigue of his own men, who had performed a march of twenty-five miles on execrable roads, without any opportunity of taking rest; it was only with the greatest difficulty that Floyd

could maintain himself in his position. At nightfall General Rosencranz again led his men to the attack, and after a short engagement drove Floyd's army from all its positions. Without giving himself the trouble to look after his defeated men, or to attempt to organize an orderly retreat, Floyd, accompanied by his staff, was the first to reach the other side of Gauley River. Gradually his men dropped in with all haste to put the waters of the stream between them and their pursuers. That so many of them contrived to reach the other bank in safety, can only be ascribed to the fatigue of General Rosencranz's troops.

Yet scarcely had General Floyd recovered from this defeat and flight, when he must needs appear in a brilliant light before the world, and accordingly forwarded the following report to the Confederate Minister of War :

“I am fully convinced that I should have driven back General Rosencranz on Tussantville, beaten Cox's army, then marched direct down the Kanowka valley, and have occupied

Charleston, if the reinforcements which I had ordered General Wise to send me had reached me in proper time. I am convinced that, if I had had 6000 men instead of 1500, I should have annihilated the enemy and taken the rest prisoners.

“ T. B. FLOYD, C.S.A.”

Now it is well known that as soon as General Floyd asked General Wise to send him reinforcements, he forthwith communicated with General Henningsen, when that officer started, in all haste, to join him with 2000 men. Moreover, Henningsen left orders for two other regiments to follow immediately. Not only did the last-named general send off all the disposable troops he could, but he even sent more reinforcements to Floyd than he was justified in doing, in order that he might give him the utmost possible support. Unfortunately those troops arrived when the light-footed Floyd had already recrossed the river with his defeated soldiers, and had destroyed the timber bridge which had been constructed. It is likely enough that

General Floyd in person accompanied the officer across the Gauley river who took the despatch to General Wise. He had no wish to be captured by Rosencranz and sent off to Washington.

Floyd managed to save the greater part of his brigade. And so it happened that, notwithstanding the simple, truthful report of this affair which Generals Wise and Henningsen sent in to the War Department, Floyd's report was believed, and he himself praised for the great bravery he had displayed.

CHAPTER XIV.

CAMP DEFIANCE, CHEAT MOUNTAIN, COTTON
HILL.

General Wise proceeds to Fayette County—Vain attack—Floyd goes to Big Sewell Mountain—Henningsen and Wise entrench themselves in Camp Defiance—General Lee goes to Huttonsville—Floyd, Wise, and Henningsen operate against each other—Animosity of the two brigades—General Lee acts as conciliator—He concentrates an army of 28,000 men—Jackson's defeat at Cheat Mountain—Changes in the command—Floyd is appointed to the chief command—Wise and Henningsen are compelled to submit—Floyd breaks up Wise's legion and goes to Cotton Hill—Outpost skirmish at night—German soldiers and their songs—Rosencranz defeats Floyd—Floyd is transferred to Tennessee—Wise's legion at Richmond.

WHEN Floyd took post at Carnifex Ferry, General Wise marched down Big Creek to Fayette County, where the enemy's troops lay in considerable numbers. He had to outflank the enemy's position, and sent Colonel Ander-

son with his regiment over one of the narrow mountain passes to attack them on that side. The road was, however, so bad and impracticable that Anderson was soon obliged to return. Meanwhile serious fighting had taken place at Big Creek, between our troops and the hostile batteries, and our riflemen were briskly engaged with those of the enemy, without, however, any result being attained, and General Wise was compelled to fall back again on his old quarters.

Meantime General Floyd continued his retreat towards Big Sewell Mountain, where he reposed for a few days to give some rest to his men. He then held a council of war, at which it was unanimously decided to move still further back, and the army, consequently, retreated twenty miles more. Generals Wise and Henningsen declared to Floyd that he might retreat quietly to Meadow Bridge, but that they were determined to maintain the position which they held. General Henningsen ordered Captain Bolton to make an entrenched camp, which received the name of Camp Defiance. General Wise approved the plan of

keeping a footing here, so as to maintain communications with General Lee in the north-west of Virginia, in order to carry out a plan mutually agreed upon.

In conformity with this plan, General Lee had received instructions to take the remnant of Garnett's corps, which had been dispersed by General M'Clellan, and with this force, aided by strong reinforcements, to clear the north-west counties, which were occupied in great strength by the enemy, and to bring them back to allegiance, as they were of great importance to the Government. This was Herculean work; but General Lee did not shrink from it. He commenced his march from Hensfersville to Huttonsville with the intention of cutting off the Federal General Reynold, with his 6000 men, posted at Tyart's River. He ordered General Jackson, stationed at Greenbriar River, to advance through Cheat Mountain Pass, rendered so celebrated by General M'Clellan, to outflank the enemy. General Jackson carried out his instructions to the letter, and, although the roads were in a dreadful state from heavy rains, he overcame every obstacle,

and arrived at his destination. Here, however, he found the enemy well protected by block-houses and entrenchments, and ready to resist any attack.

Not having received the signal agreed upon with General Lee, General Jackson, after much exertion, withdrew to his former position. Here he learnt that General Lee, with all his forces, had advanced into the Kanowka valley, to relieve Generals Wise and Floyd of their respective commands, and to drive the enemy out of the western frontiers. He at once took the direction of Meadow Bridge, with all his troops, where General Floyd had established his head-quarters, whilst Generals Wise and Henningsen held their position at Sewell Mountain.

General Floyd, who was greatly annoyed at his having gone so far with his brigade, ordered General Wise (on the strength of his rank as a full brigadier-general) to give up Sewell Mountain and to retire to Meadow's Bluff, as that position was a safer one. Old Wise, however, knew Floyd too well, and was aware that as soon as he obeyed the order,

Floyd would take advantage of the departure of his troops to gain access to his position by another road. Floyd would then have saved his reputation as a general, and held up Wise to the derision of the world for having taken flight. General Wise, therefore, resolved to remain in his strong position, and paid no further attention to General Floyd and his orders. Floyd thereupon sent a complaint to the War Department against Wise and Henningsen; and such a state of animosity grew out of this between the two brigades, that the enemy, had they only been made aware of it, could have annihilated the two separated corps.

At this juncture General Lee made his appearance with a portion of his troops, and assumed the superior command. He fixed his head-quarters near Floyd, and after a long conversation with the latter, he hastened to the camp of Generals Wise and Henningsen, to inspect the state of the brigade, and, if possible, to put an end to the misunderstanding which existed between Wise and Floyd and their respective corps.

General Lee is an open-hearted, honest soldier, free from all that pomposity which the younger generals are so fond of displaying. After Generals Wise and Henningsen had candidly and frankly communicated to him the details of their campaign, he, accompanied by these generals, inspected the state of the brigade and the entrenchments. After a careful inspection he expressed his full satisfaction at the excellent appearance of the corps, and then returned to Meadow Bluff. He next ordered Floyd's brigade forward to Big Sewell Mountain, and desired that general to take up his position there without delay. General Floyd, who had received large reinforcements, set to work at once, and had soon a line of defence to the extent of twelve English miles.

Meantime, General Rosencranz remained inactive at the other side of Sewell Mountain, contenting himself by merely sending out a few detached companies to watch the movements of Floyd and Wise, without, however, firing a single shot to disturb them. General Lee's troops now advanced, bringing up the

effective strength of the army in Western Virginia to about 28,000 men, with a very good park of artillery. General Lee had scarcely concentrated all his forces, and made the necessary preparations for a general attack, when our patrols and skirmishers brought in the news that during the night General Rosencranz had assembled his troops and fallen back upon his position at Gauley Bridge. The expected battle did not, therefore, take place, for General Lee wisely refrained from pursuit.

General Rosencranz was no sooner aware of the presence of General Lee and his forces at Big Sewell Mountain, than he hastily gave up his post of observation, and proceeded by Gauley Bridge, Tussantville, towards Greenbriar River, where a corps of observation, under the Confederate General Jackson, was posted.

General Jackson had not the slightest notion of the storm that was gathering over his head. He was aware that both the enemy's armies were at Sewell Mountain, and indulged in a feeling of perfect security. News of the movements of hostile troops on the road to

Tussantsville did not cause him the slightest alarm, and he laughed at the anxiety expressed by some of his officers. General Jackson had a number of officers on a visit at his house, and was enjoying himself in their society, while a violent autumn-storm was raging outside. The company was startled in their revelry by an aide-de-camp suddenly rushing in with the news that large masses of troops were in rapid advance from Cheat Mountain. This information was received with some derision, but General Jackson ordered Colonel Rust to advance with a battalion to drive back the skirmishing force, as it was supposed to be, that had advanced so near. A moment after a heavy fire of musketry, accompanied by the sound of artillery, made the guests jump to their feet. They all rushed out uncovered to their respective posts; the enemy was then already debouching through the pass, and kept up a well-sustained fire, which caused the greatest confusion amongst Jackson's men, who were not at all prepared for this sudden attack.

In vain did the officers exert them-

selves to get their troops together and make them stand firm; it was impossible to bring the men, so suddenly disturbed from their rest, to any sort of order and steadiness, and General Rosencranz poured such deadly volleys into the assembling troops that they took to flight like a herd of startled deer. General Jackson, therefore, was soon compelled to abandon his position, and to retire to the mountains, where finally, after great loss, he succeeded in taking up a position at Ford Creek. The enemy, satisfied with the success that they had achieved, destroyed all the buildings, barracks, and fortifications, and laden with a considerable booty returned again to their quarters at Gauley Bridge.

General Lee never brought General Jackson to account for this mishap, as he himself was perhaps in some measure the cause of it. After the departure of General Rosencranz from his front he must have known that that active general would not so willingly have left his position before Sewell Mountain unless he saw a certain chance of success in another quarter. He ought, therefore, at once to have

informed Jackson of Rosencranz's movements, and urged him to be on his guard. General Lee, usually a most cautious general, did not on this occasion show sufficient prudence, and had to pay dearly for it. Happily, winter now set in in these mountains, and compelled the hostile parties on both sides to remain inactive. The Minister of War, annoyed that General Lee should have allowed Rosencranz to escape from Sewell Mountain, deprived him of his command, and sent him to Georgia and South Carolina. General Loring was ordered to Winchester to reinforce Stonewall Jackson, and the latter, after his mishap at Cheat Mountain, had to transfer his services to Louisiana. Generals Wise and Henningsen, moreover, were ordered to Richmond to defend themselves against the charges brought against them, and during their absence General Floyd was appointed to the chief command of both brigades.

It will be apparent, from these alterations in the respective commands, that a complete change was effected in the Virginian army. General Floyd, on assuming his new authority,

displayed his aptitude for command by contriving so to mix up artillery and cavalry, horses and harness, &c., that if General Wise had returned, he would have had the labour of a giant to perform to put things straight again.

Winter having set in with great severity, General Floyd requested the Minister of War to order him to proceed with his brigade to Cotton Hill, in Kanowka Valley, as he should there have a better chance of encountering General Rosencranz. This request was granted, and one fine day, General Floyd took his departure, carrying with him everything that he thought might be serviceable away with him, and leaving only a remnant of Wise's brigade behind.

Cotton Hill is situate in Fayette County, on the river Kanowka, just opposite the mouth of Gauley River. From its heights, the enemy's camp could be seen, spread over the plain, which is there some miles in extent; General Rosencranz having his head-quarters at Hawk's Nest, at the handsome plantation belonging to Colonel Tompkins, who was serving

in our legion, while from the top of the house waved the flag of the United States, as if in derision of the owner.

After a very difficult march, General Floyd reached Cotton Hill, and his first step was to seize all the boats upon the Kanowka river. Shortly after his arrival, some sharp outpost skirmishing commenced. This, which is always the most unpleasant sort of fighting, was here particularly so, for rifle bullets kept whistling about in such numbers in the valley, that it was impossible to relieve guard in the daytime. The enemy's riflemen lay concealed behind every rock and tree, and wherever they saw the slightest stir, crack went their rifles. The *petite guerre* carried on in this quiet valley was rendered additionally fierce by mutual animosity, for our men did not wish to remain one jot behind the enemy in the rivalry of deadly strife. Even the river which separated the combatants seemed to partake of the turmoil that raged on its banks. And when the firing was over, as night came on, nothing was to be heard but the roaring of the waters, intermingled now and then with

snatches of song from some of the German soldiers on either side, which produced a touching effect at such an hour. Ofttimes one of our Germans could be seen leaning on his rifle, listening to the sounds of his mother tongue as they were wafted over from the enemy's camp. At times, one of the sentinels would shout across—"From what part do you come, countryman?" "I am a Bavarian. From whence art thou?" "Halt! Who's there?" The dialogue is interrupted by bullets whistling by in all directions. Who knows that those two Germans, who, only a few minutes before, were talking peacefully together about their fatherland, may not be now lying dead far away from their native land. But such is a soldier's life!

Meantime a portion of the cavalry of Wise's legion came into camp; the General himself, who still at Richmond, had sent in a request to proceed with his legion to Roanoke Island, as the enemy was shortly expected there.

The Confederate troops remained for a long time confronting the troops of General Rosen-cranz, but all the fighting was confined to

outpost skirmishing. General Rosencranz at last, weary of this inactivity, crossed the river Kanowka one fine winter's morning, with two or three columns, and suddenly attacked our position. General Floyd never expected such an uncivil proceeding on the part of Rosencranz, probably he did not expect to be molested at such a vile season of the year, in his by no means comfortable position.

Scarcely any preparations had been made for repelling an attack, as no one imagined that we should have to encounter a winter campaign. General Rosencranz, consequently, had it all his own way, especially as Floyd, as soon as he heard of the enemy's advance, pleaded illness and handed over the chief command to the head of his staff, who deemed the only safe course was to retreat. To fight shy at the approach of a resolute enemy, seemed to be a species of chronic disease with both Floyd and the chief of his staff. This time the retreat was so hasty, that a quantity of property belonging to the Government fell into the hands of the enemy. It was just as well, however, that we did make good speed, for

Rosencranz's advanced troops had already attacked our rear and were with difficulty kept at bay. Our troops endeavoured by clambering over stony paths to gain the crest of the mountain, and fortunately our rear-guard was commanded by a brave officer, Colonel George Croghan, who manfully resisted all the enemy's attacks. For defence or attack, the colonel was always at hand, and the safety of Floyd's brigade was undoubtedly due to the resolute conduct of Colonel Croghan.

But my valued comrade did not live long enough to wear his laurels. A team of carts laden with provisions had been delayed, and ran the risk of falling into the hands of the enemy, who were almost at our heels, and already sending a few bullets amongst us to hasten our flight; when Colonel Croghan, followed by twenty-five of his lancers, dashed down the road to check the enemy, with a view to save the carts, but he had scarcely reached the latter, when two bullets brought him to the ground. His men on seeing this immediately fled. In Colonel Croghan we lost

a worthy, gallant comrade, and the State an excellent officer.

General Rosencranz pursued Floyd's troops for nearly twenty-five miles, and only gave up the chase on finding the roads blocked up by broken carts, dismounted guns, and other obstacles; he then left the brigade to pursue its way unmolested. Floyd pulled up at the banks of Wolf's Creek, a rocky, uncongenial spot, and then endeavoured to re-assemble his scattered men. In a few days, an order came from the War Department, for General Floyd and his brigade to proceed to Tennessee, at the same time recalling Wise's legion to Richmond.

Joyfully did Wise's troops part company with Floyd's, and a few days after Richmond presented an exciting scene. With banners flying and drums beating, the remnants of this once fine legion entered the town, whilst thousands of citizens came forth to greet the warriors from the west; fair hands waved their handkerchiefs from the windows in token of welcome; whilst the populace vociferously cheered. Yet many an eye was dim, for

the thinned ranks showed the loss of many a lamented relative. A carriage, with two ladies in deep mourning, moved silently along—conveying the mother and the intended bride of Colonel Croghan; they brought with them a handsome flag as a token of remembrance to his regiment of their late brave commander. In the evening a banquet was given by the citizens to the legion, and toasts drunk in honour of Generals Wise and Henningsen, and to the glory and prosperity of the country.

CHAPTER XV.

M'CLELLAN APPOINTED TO THE CHIEF COMMAND OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.

M'Clellan appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army on the Potomac—Condition of that army—Its reorganization—The General beloved by the soldiers—His activity—His energy and talent.

AFTER the severe blows which the Federal army had received at Bull Run and Manassas, the eyes of the Government were opened to the fact that some other system must be adopted, and that men of talent were needed to carry out its views; it had to cast about for a general who should be found to combine in his person all the qualities necessary to shield the country from a repetition of such disasters. Now it happened that not long before General George M'Clellan had, with a mixed body of troops, in a country which



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L. L. Lay



offered every facility to the enemy to maintain a long and wearisome guerilla warfare, in a very short time achieved a victory which drew upon him the attention and favourable opinion of military critics both in his own country and in Europe.

A zealous sense of duty and an enthusiastic and patriotic spirit enabled him to overcome every obstacle that stood in his way. He understood, as his recent brilliant success over General Garnett amply proved, how to inspire his men with much of his own daring and energy, and they followed their commander with devotion in the path which rarely fails to lead to honour and victory.

When, as already stated, the Federal Government was anxiously looking around for an efficient general to organize as well as to lead an army capable of protecting the State and of winning victory back to the Union banner, General Winfield Scott, whose advancing years no longer allowed him to take the command himself, at once proposed George M'Clellan as the man who combined the requisite energy and talents for such a post. The Government

at Washington followed his advice, and summoned General M'Clellan to the capital; without hesitation they entrusted him with the chief command of an army which, recently defeated and disorganized, had lost all confidence in its commanders.

The army that needed this reorganization and a competent chief to take it into the field was assembled at Washington and its environs. It was a difficult task for any one to attempt, that of imparting confidence to a body of men who, from recent disasters, had been completely discouraged. However, General Scott succeeded in overcoming all M'Clellan's objections to take the command, by promising to assist him with his advice; and he finally consented to undertake the thankless task.

When the official notification appeared that General M'Clellan, the hero of Rich Mountain, was to assume the command of the army of the Potomac, the intelligence was cordially welcomed by the troops. All were eager to serve under a commander who had given evident proofs of his military capacity. When he

arrived with his staff in the midst of the great body of troops now confided to his command, he was welcomed by them, not as a stranger, but as an old comrade from the western mountains of Virginia, who had come to restore their lost confidence and to lead them once more to victory. Without being led away by the enthusiasm of the soldiers, M'Clellan went quietly and steadily to work to restore the spirit and discipline of the men, and to re-establish a good understanding between them and their officers. He neglected nothing to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the smallest details connected with the army. Unaffected by the high rank conferred upon him by his Government, and by the compliments paid him on all sides; but, like a skilful physician, he probed and examined into all the wounds, that he might know best how to heal them.

All the measures taken by M'Clellan proved that he was quite up to his work, and that he knew perfectly what an arduous task he had before him. He took care to see in person the wants of the men provided for; devoting his

whole time to the most minute investigations; and thus, while reminding the men of the duties they had to perform, he was careful to set them a useful example himself. By such means, he soon gained the confidence of the whole army, was readily and cheerfully obeyed, and was looked up to as a leader capable of surmounting any obstacle.

By keeping his men hard at work, he strove to bring them into a state of good discipline, in order that they might be efficient on the battle-field, and that they might get accustomed to the voice of their officers. The latter also, sharing in his own confidence, assisted him to the best of their ability; in a short time a complete change was discernible in the army of the Potomac. Fortifications, for the defence of Washington, arose on all sides. Sham-fights, practice with the bayonet, cavalry manœuvres, daily took place. In short, General M'Clellan completely reorganized the army by his energetic reforms; and when he rode through the ranks back to his tent, he was always loudly cheered by the troops.

I willingly pay the tribute of my impartial admiration to General M'Clellan for the success of his zealous efforts in organizing, out of the raw materials at his disposal, so efficient an army; and no soldier, capable of forming an opinion on the subject, could refuse to join in that admiration.

The devotion of the army for their chieftain displayed itself again at a later period, when he was entrusted with the chief command at Frederickstown, in Maryland, on which occasion he was received with a regular ovation by the troops.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAMPAIGN IN MISSOURI.

Events in Missouri—German troops—St. Louis—Governor Jackson joins the Confederates—Troops assemble at Boonville and Lexington—Colonel Marmaduke—General Lyon—Cole Camp—General Price—Movement of the Federal troops—Hopeless condition of the Confederates—Siegel.

WHILST these events were occurring in Virginia, the other border states were not idle. The State of Missouri took the initiative. With the permission of the Confederate Government, a body of troops had formed a camp outside St. Louis. The officer in command of the Federal troops stationed there did not, however, allow this germ of a revolutionary movement to grow apace under his very eyes. Relying upon the German population of St. Louis, as well as upon the loyalty of their feelings as citizens of the Union, he assembled

some battalions of German troops, marched to the revolutionary camp, and, after an energetic summons, made them surrender. This gave great annoyance to the Confederates at St. Louis. The Germans were received with showers of stones and pistol-shots, which unpleasant welcome was responded to by the poor fellows with a volley which killed some of the ringleaders. The excitement increased, and St. Louis, that beautiful and flourishing city, was on the point of becoming the scene of strife between two contending factions, which it only escaped through the presence of mind of Lyon, the Federal officer already alluded to. To him it is due that St. Louis did not share the unhappy fate of Richmond. He placed a cordon of troops round the town, and handed over the ringleaders to the local authorities.

A few weeks after the capitulation of Fort Sumter, Governor Jackson of Missouri had thrown off his sheep's clothing and taken the side of the Secessionists, seeking a refuge at Boonville, whither he transferred the seat of the provincial government, there to carry out his

further plans. One of his first acts here was to appoint his friend, Sterling Price, a major-general; he also appointed as brigadier-generals, Parsons, Clark I., Clark II., Slack, Stein, Harris, Raines, and Thompson; and he further issued a proclamation calling out 50,000 men. Major-General Price and the other newly created generals were ordered to levy troops as quickly as possible, and to send them on to Boonville and Lexington.

General Lyon resolved to crush the force already got together. Towards the end of June he assembled some thousand German troops, and after sailing to within a few miles of Boonville, he effected a landing, and proceeded to disperse the rebels, who mustered some 1200 strong, commanded by Colonel Marmaduke. Whether Colonel Marmaduke was at heart true to the Union Government, or whether he did not put much trust in the courage of his followers, he, at all events, declared to them that, considering the superior strength of his opponent, he had resolved to abandon his position and take one up further back. His men, however, refused to

obey him, and declared their intention of exchanging shots with the enemy. Colonel Marmaduke then left the place, transferring the command to Colonel Brand.

After a short, spirited engagement, in which both parties lost some hundred men in killed and wounded, the Secessionists dispersed in great disorder.

Generals Jackson and Price had their headquarters at Boonville, but as soon as they heard of the above defeat they embarked for Lexington.

The remnant of the body of men dispersed by General Lyon withdrew westwards, commanded by Generals Clark and Parson, and accompanied by the majority of the officials of the different state departments. Their object was to reach Cole Camp, about twenty-seven miles further on, but General Lyon, convinced of the cowardice of the Government, sent 800 men to take possession of it.

Our troops had arrived within ten miles of the place, when they were startled by the news that the enemy was in the vicinity. In their hopeless position they were informed by

a spy that Colonel O'Rane, with 700 men, was at no great distance, and was coming up to their support. It was then resolved to make a joint attack upon the troops under Colonel Cook. The scheme was attended with perfect success. The troops ordered by General Lyon to Cole Camp—a force of militia—fancied their work was done when their march was over, so after having feasted themselves, they formed their camp without taking any precautions. Now, as their orders were to cut off the enemy's advance, they could hardly have been ignorant of his proximity. So confident, however, were they in their safety, that they retired to rest without even placing outposts, and the whole camp went unsuspectingly to sleep.

During the night our two divisions had formed a junction, and advanced with precipitation upon the enemy. The sentinels were cut down, and the slumbering troops aroused by the sound of musketry. Our men fell with a cheer upon the unarmed soldiers, and made short work with them. All that could escape did so, and amongst the first to run away,

it is said, was Colonel Cook, to whom the whole disaster must be attributed.

Of course this small affair was trumpeted forth by the public press as a great battle. Governor Jackson now reappeared on the scene, to take part, at least, in the last act. It was decided to attack Colonel Tatten. But Colonel Tatten, having learnt the numerical superiority of our troops, fell back, with the intention of forming a junction with General Lyon. The Confederate troops, thus thwarted in their intention, resolved to continue their march southwards, to join our other forces there, which they succeeded in doing. As soon as a body of 4000 men had been assembled, General Price took the chief command in person, and transferred his basis of operations to the Arkansas mountains, where Colonel Prince, of the Federal army, was stationed with a force of from 3000 to 3500 men, and made a show of cutting off General Price's retreat. General Price now resolved to make a retrograde movement, and, despite many obstacles, successfully effected this operation; so that on the 3rd

July he was able to join the other troops in Cedar county.

In Cedar county the troops were formed into regular brigades. Generals Clark, Parson, Slack, and Raines were each appointed to a brigade of 1000 men, under the chief command of Governor Jackson. Before the troops had commenced moving, Governor Jackson received the information that the Federal troops, under General Lyon, were advancing on the north-eastern side, with a view to form a junction with Generals Lane and Sturgis, and then to fall upon his rear in large numbers.

Governor Jackson, seeing the dangerous position in which he was placed, exerted himself to the utmost to escape from this manœuvre of the enemy, which threatened him with destruction. He immediately set his small army in motion, and performed one of those forced marches which often have been the means of saving a whole army. By nine o'clock in the evening, after encountering many obstacles, he had marched twenty-three English miles, and could afford to allow his fatigued men a few

hours' repose. On the following morning he received the certain news that a body of men, 3000 strong, under General Siegel, had started for Rolla, by railway, and had already arrived at Carthage, a small town in his front, with the intention of giving him battle in a few hours, which, considering the fatigued state of his men, who were, moreover, but badly armed, was by no means a consoling piece of intelligence. Such was the predicament in which Major-General Jackson found himself and his Missouri army one fine morning: a strong body of the enemy in his rear, and General Siegel in front. He made up his mind, however, to attack Siegel, and after a forced march of sixteen miles came upon that General's outposts early on the morning of the 5th July, and found his army drawn up in order of battle on the slope of a hill.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

Attack of the Confederates—Siegel falls back on the town—Ben M'Culloch, the guerilla chieftain—Noble conduct of General Price.

As soon as the Missouri army debouched upon the open prairie it was immediately formed into line of battle. The infantry, in a compact body, was under the orders of Generals Clark, Parson, and Slack. General Raines took command of the cavalry, whilst Governor Jackson acted as commander-in-chief. The infantry took up a position at a distance of about 600 yards from the enemy, and the cavalry was placed on the right and left wings, to attack the enemy's flanks while the infantry was attacking him in front.

The few old guns our troops possessed were of little or no service. As soon as the Con-

federate cavalry deployed right and left, General Siegel poured a volley of grape, canister, and round shot into them from his excellent battery. Governor Jackson's guns replied as best they could, but with no success. In default of better ammunition, the guns were loaded with broken pieces of iron and stones. Our cavalry made a vain attempt to capture the enemy's battery; but Siegel handled his guns so well that they were repeatedly repulsed with loss. This sort of amusement had lasted nearly two hours, when Governor Jackson, convinced that he could not do anything with his cavalry, resolved to storm the enemy's position with his infantry, the cavalry following in support at a short distance. The Missouri troops advanced courageously to the attack. With a loud cheer they rushed upon the enemy, and compelled General Siegel to yield ground and fall back upon Bear Creek, a river of some depth and width; after making his way across he destroyed the bridge, and finding that our troops greatly outnumbered his, he retreated about a mile, and then he made a halt. Then commenced one of those

rifle skirmishes which so perpetually occur in American warfare. Weary at last of this sort of desultory fighting, which led to no great result, our troops cut branches of trees and made rafts, upon which they crossed to the other side; the cavalry swimming across. General Siegel, who was too far away from his reserve, now resolved to retreat to Carthage, about eight miles distant, and performed his retreat in good order, beating back our repeated attacks.

At Carthage he made a halt to rest his men. After several unsuccessful attacks, Governor Jackson feeling that, notwithstanding his numerical superiority, he could do nothing, ordered the fighting to cease, that he might attend to his wounded, who lay in considerable numbers along the road. General Siegel then continued his march towards Rolla. Governor Jackson had reason to be well satisfied with his success, as it caused considerable sensation amongst the inhabitants of the prairie, who by hundreds left their families, and seized their rifles to join in the guerilla warfare. On the following day large masses of troops

appeared in sight, which proved to be those of General Price, and the band of the famous guerilla chieftain, Ben M'Culloch. There were some thousands of these men, who, from their capability of enduring privation and hardship, were especially suited to this sort of warfare.

Siegel, who was also aware of the approach of these numerous guerilla bands, anxiously endeavoured to save his little army. Great was the joy of the Missouri men on again beholding General Price, who had just recovered from a serious illness, but it became unbounded when the men of Arkansas and the men of Missouri mingled together. It was an exhilarating sight to see the bold hunters of the western prairies and virgin forests, men who had waged war against the savage Indian, the wolf, and the bear, give their rough greeting to the sons of the sister State, and grasp the hands of many whom they had supposed dead, whose scalp they fancied hanging possibly at some Indian's girdle as a trophy; libations of whisky and brandy, as may be guessed, were now freely indulged in by these swarthy warriors.

This was the first occasion on which the famous guerilla chieftain, Ben M'Culloch, made his appearance. He had been given the rank of a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, and it was extraordinary to see how the sun-burnt sons of the plain, heedless of his rank and fine uniform, pressed around him, and with their brawny hands nearly crushed his in their friendly but eager gripe.

The festivities ceased; the shades of evening came on, and the stillness of night watched over the slumbers of the two armies. The sentinels alone crept about like snakes, or like spies on the trail of an Indian, to insure safety to their sleeping comrades. The god of dreams mildly swayed the thoughts of those sleeping warriors, drawing many a fanciful picture of future adventure. There lay those unconquered sons of America, their rifle by their side, calm like children, dreaming, some of their sweethearts far away, others of battle or of booty, and they smiled as they slept. Yet many of them, perhaps, on the morrow would sleep the last sleep of death, with the long grass of the prairie for a tomb: struck by

some hostile bullet—cut down like the ripe fruit from the tree.

On the following morning the troops were formed into divisions, and the march commenced for Conwoskin prairie, in M'Donald county, an Indian station at no great distance, as it had been ascertained that the enemy's forces, under Generals Siegel, Lyon, Sturgis, and Sweney, were endeavouring to form a junction at Springfield. Before, therefore, undertaking anything against the amalgamated forces, a halt was made for a few days at Cowskin prairie, to bring more order into, and better to divide, the troops. The reinforcements, which hourly dropped in, brought up the effective strength of our army to 12,800 men. A council of war was now held. M'Culloch, as brigadier-general of the Confederate army, presided. After a somewhat lengthy debate it was resolved to follow the enemy to Springfield, and to give him battle. Preparations were immediately made to carry out this plan. General Ben M'Culloch took the command of the vanguard, and advanced towards Barry county, from whence the

operations against Springfield were to be undertaken in common.

However, before the Confederate troops had reached Crane Creek, news was brought in that the Federal troops had abandoned Springfield. The enemy's outposts were seven miles distant from ours. Our forces were ordered to halt, and for some days the fighting was confined to outpost skirmishing.

After this mutual watching, and the inactivity evinced by the enemy's generals, who, probably, had delayed an attack until their plans were more mature and their artillery had arrived, General Ben M'Culloch suddenly lost confidence, and after a council of war it was decided to abandon our position, and to beat a retreat. The causes which induced Ben M'Culloch to take this step were the superior number of the enemy, armed with excellent weapons, and their greater number of guns, whilst his troops were badly armed, and not properly organized. Much of this, however, was untenable. First of all, the Federal troops did not outnumber ours; moreover, the enemy had commenced their military career at

the same time that our men did, so that there could be no advantage in that respect; on the contrary, if there was any, it was on our side. As a set-off to the better arming of the Federal troops, it may be said, that they consisted chiefly of Germans, who, when the war broke out, had left their peaceful homes to take up sword and rifle in order to fight for their adopted country: they had given up their quiet, industrial pursuits to undergo all the hardships of war. Whilst on the Confederate side, the elements of which the army consisted were men inured to warlike doings of every description; who had been brought up to the use of arms from children; and who, under able commanders, were capable of doing good service in the field. However, Ben M'Culloch took it into his head to retreat, and he was obstinate enough to carry out his will. In vain did General Price endeavour to persuade him to alter his mind. He proposed an immediate advance; pointed out the enthusiasm which prevailed amongst the troops, and which ought to be turned to account to strike a blow against the enemy; but it

was like talking to the wind. As nothing could shake the obstinacy of M'Culloch, General Price asked him to give up the better arms which his followers possessed, and he (Price) would attack the enemy without him. But this he also declined, and General Price, much annoyed, left the tent.

On that same evening, whilst all the necessary preparations were being made to commence a retreat, an aide-de-camp arrived at the camp from Major-General Polk, of the Confederate army, bringing the order for General M'Culloch to attack the enemy at Springfield without delay. As soon as he had read the despatch, he summoned all the generals together, and communicated General Polk's order to them, declaring that he was ready to march at once on Springfield, provided he was given the chief command.

General Price nobly replied that it was immaterial to him in what capacity he fought, provided that he had an opportunity of doing service in the defence of his country, and that he was willing not only to give up his command but his life if necessary. He then

handed over the chief command to M'Culloch. These quiet, earnest words of General Price did not fail to produce a powerful effect upon the minds of the assembled officers.

Even Ben M'Culloch felt ashamed when his officers reproached him for his ambition. He advanced towards General Price, and held out his hand, but the latter drew back, and said, "Do your duty as the General in command, as I intend to do mine, and we will endeavour to forget what has passed."

Ben M'Culloch having assumed the command, his first general order was that all unarmed persons should remain in the camp, that those who had rifles or muskets should get them ready, should provide themselves with fifty rounds of ball, and be prepared to march at midnight.

Ben M'Culloch now divided the army into three divisions. The first he commanded himself, and the others he entrusted to Generals Pierce and Price. About midnight the troops quietly left the camp, leaving the sick and wounded, baggage, &c., behind, and commenced their march in the direction

of Springfield. The men were all in excellent spirits, and confident of success. They expected to come upon the enemy's outposts at about nine miles' distance from the camp; but when, after a fatiguing march, our troops reached the place and began to reconnoitre cautiously, they found that the enemy had decamped on the previous day, and were now retreating. Despite the great heat, our troops immediately followed in the enemy's track. As they had no canteens, they suffered considerably from thirst, but nevertheless advanced steadily until they reached Big Spring, about two miles from Wilson Creek, and about ten miles from Springfield, where they encamped that evening. Our troops, who had left all their provisions behind them, had not tasted food for twenty-four hours, and in their eager craving began to eat the green corn with which the fields were covered. They had neither tents nor blankets to protect them from the night-air, and their clothing was in bad condition; indeed, nearly four-fifths of the men were without shoes, yet they cheerfully performed this fatiguing march. The

officers, too, were scarcely better off, with the exception of General Ben M'Culloch, who displayed his brilliant uniform to the admiring looks of our poor ragged fellows.

The army resumed its march on the following morning to Wilson Creek, and there encamped; the large fields of green corn they met with there supplying them with the only kind of food they had tasted for two days. At eight o'clock in the evening a general order was issued for the troops to be ready to march at nine against Springfield. After a council of war, General M'Culloch resolved to attack the enemy at daybreak, on four sides at once. The soldiers had already satisfied their hunger, prepared their ammunition, and were ready to march, when, owing to the heavy rain, a counter-order was issued, postponing the attack till the following day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE OF OAK HILL, OR WILSON CREEK.

The Federal troops under Generals Siegel and Lyon commence the attack—Siegel retreats—Lyon is obliged to give way—The Confederates are victorious—Death of General Lyon.

BEFORE General M'Culloch's excellent plans could be carried out, and our troops put in readiness to attack the Federal General Siegel, General Lyon had already commenced an attack upon us, and our men had just got into position, when General Siegel also assailed us on our right wing and in our rear, while the artillery on both sides opened fire. General M'Culloch did all that was possible to keep his men in line of battle and repulse the repeated attacks of Generals Siegel and Lyon. The men of Missouri, under the command of their brigadier-generals, Slack, Parsons, and

Raines, had taken up a position in front, and were ordered by General Price to advance in all haste upon the enemy. After proceeding a few hundred yards, they came upon the main body of the enemy, under the personal command of General Lyon. Both sides immediately opened a brisk fusillade, the artillery being at the same time in full play; a Federal battery under Captain Tatten, and a Confederate battery keeping up a regular duel.

General Price then ordered two regiments—the Louisiana volunteers, and a regiment of dismounted chasseurs, to attack the battery in front. In a few minutes they were ready, when these wild sons of the prairie resolutely advanced with fixed bayonets, and attacked the enemy's left flank, posted in a large corn-field. Our two regiments were received with a terrible discharge of musketry, but persevered in their attack, and succeeded in repulsing the enemy, who had to fall back on the main body. As soon as General Lyon saw his troops thus retreating, he led forward in person one of the German

regiments posted with his reserve. It was a fine sight to see these Germans rush on the advancing foe, and by their determined courage impede his further advance. Whilst the troops under General Price were nobly holding their ground in the centre, General Siegel observed that several Confederate regiments had assembled on his left flank, and threatened to attack this, his weak point. One of our batteries had already taken up a position to protect these troops with their fire, when General Siegel promptly ordered up some guns, and pouring a storm of grape upon the regiments who were preparing to advance to the charge, caused them serious loss.

General M'Culloch, observing the confusion among his troops, caused by the enemy's fire, ordered the mounted chasseur regiment M'Intosh to their immediate support. This regiment was to the Confederate army much what the Old Guard was to Napoleon, and kept in reserve for any emergency. Such disorder had already spread among the Confederate forces, that it was indeed high time for

the mounted Jägers to come to the rescue. Without losing precious moments in forming, they threw themselves headlong upon the battery which was causing such damage to our people, and in spite of a gallant defence, General Siegel was obliged to give way before superior numbers; and as the Texas and Missouri cavalry regiments threatened to cut off his retreat, in the event of his maintaining his ground much longer, he abandoned his position.

The Confederate forces having obtained these great advantages on their right wing, it became necessary for them to direct their attention to the enemy's centre, where the bulk of General Lyon's forces were posted. General M'Culloch, therefore, directed the cavalry regiments of Colonels Embry and Churchill to dismount, attaching to them the infantry regiment of Gratiot, and adding M'Rae's regiment as a reserve; he ordered these troops to make a general attack on the front of the enemy's position. Our brigade was received by a tremendous fire as they advanced to the attack, protected by small columns at their flanks.

Generals Siegel and Lyon defended their position gallantly, and in spite of the vigorous attack made by our troops, it was impossible to drive the Germans from their position. The German is a good and brave soldier when fighting from conviction, and for a cause which he loves. Quarter was neither asked for nor given, and the battle had already raged for several hours, without any particular advantage on either one side or the other. It was at this juncture that General M'Culloch assembled some regiments, and attempted to storm Captain Tatten's battery, which was causing such havoc among our soldiers. Our men attacked the enemy's battery with great courage; General Lyon, however, making a rapid flank movement, in his turn attacked our storming parties, inflicting great loss upon them by a well-directed fire, which mowed them down by columns. General M'Culloch's men were already beginning to waver, when, at this critical moment, three regiments of General Pierce's brigade hurried to his support, and he ordered up Reid's battery and the Louisiana volunteers, with which addi-

tional forces the struggle at the centre was renewed with desperation. The troops under General Pierce attacked the enemy with such determination, that they began to falter and gradually give way. This retrograde movement of the Federal troops produced immense excitement among the Confederates, and the Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana forces threw themselves at once, with loud hurrahs, on the wavering line of the enemy, and drove him completely from his position.

The retreat of the Germans was, however, executed with praiseworthy coolness, in the face of the furious onslaught of the Confederates. Generals Siegel and Lyon now perceiving the futility of trying further to repel the attacks of an enemy so superior in numbers, issued orders for their whole army to retreat. Owing to the losses sustained by the Confederates, and their exhaustion, they could not molest them in effecting this movement. General Lyon fell at the close of the engagement, and the command-in-chief consequently devolved upon General Siegel, an able officer,

who succeeded in withdrawing the Federal forces from the scene of action in good order.

Thus ended the battle of Oak Hill, as we named it, or of Wilson Creek, as named in the official report of General Siegel.

The battle lasted full seven hours, and our loss of 2000 killed and wounded shows the desperation of this fierce struggle. Our trophies consisted of merely two dismounted cannon and some hundred muskets. The enemy lost in General Lyon a brave defender of the State of Missouri, and a good patriot. He fell whilst encouraging his men by word and deed; two bullets penetrated his heart at the same moment, causing immediate death. His doctor came to us after the battle with a flag of truce to claim his body, and General Price had the politeness to offer his own carriage for its removal. The body could not, however, on account of the heat, be conveyed further than Springfield, and General Price ordered Colonels Elgen and Mercer to provide a proper funeral, and a Mrs. Phelps, of that place, presented them with a coffin. A few

days afterwards the body was conveyed to his friends at St. Louis.

After the battle of Oak Hill, our generals found their division so cut up, that they were obliged to go to work very cautiously, General Siegel being just the man to give them but little leisure for recovering themselves. General M'Culloch determined to proceed to Arkansas with his forces; whilst General Price, on the other hand, advocated a continuation of the campaign in Missouri.

CHAPTER XIX.

A GENERAL WITHOUT AN ARMY.

Thomas Harris—His nomination as general—General Harris and General Price—Fort Scott—An abortive expedition to Warrensburg.

A MAN now appeared in the north of Missouri, with every intention of making a name for himself,—no other than Thomas Harris, who was on his way to the rendezvous of Boonville, with the intention of joining the Confederate army as a private. At Paris (a small hamlet in the county of Monroe) he was recognised by one of Governor Jackson's couriers, who forthwith handed him his commission as brigadier-general of the Missouri State Guard, with orders to undertake the organization of the forces in the Northern State with the utmost expedition, and to

assume the defence of that portion of the State which was situate to the north of the river Missouri. At the time Harris received his commission and his orders he had no opportunity for expressing his thanks to Governor Jackson, as the latter had been defeated by the enemy's troops, and was wandering about the western prairies without roof or resting-place.

The unfortunate Harris, therefore, found himself all alone with his commission and the order to defend the northern line of the Missouri, without soldiers, without arms, without tents, and without money. He might have exclaimed, like another celebrated general, "Can I make an army spring from the ground?" Harris was, however, the reverse of a despondent character, and he tried his best to do honour to his exalted rank. He quietly pocketed his commission and his orders, and repaired to his native county. Immediately on arriving there he held a grand political meeting, described the position of Missouri in the most ghastly colours, and in order to increase the general effect he publicly took the oath of

allegiance to the Confederacy; that solemn act being administered by a clergyman who happened to be present. Fifty-three persons at this assembly immediately joined him, agreeing to serve under him. General Harris then gave his future army the permission to go to their homes, provide themselves with arms, and then rejoin him at his head-quarters.

The reader will perceive that this new defender of the country went to work with great circumspection, establishing his head-quarters first, with the conviction that an army would ere long be got together.

Before his newly-raised force of fifty-three men had, however, joined him, the rumour spread that a detachment of the enemy was approaching.

General Harris was not long in moving off to a more convenient spot, followed by his forces, then consisting of some staff officers and three privates, and proceeded with the organization of a band of guerillas. Wherever there is a chance of booty the crows will gather, and he managed in a very short time to get a body of men together, which would

enable him to take a prominent part in the complicated events of the period. He soon collected 3000 men under his orders, and it was on account of this force that General Lyon was at the commencement of his operations obliged to detach a corps to watch its movements. On General Price being relieved of his duties in the Confederate army, he advanced towards the river Missouri. No sooner did General Harris get wind of this, than he broke up his camp, and marched a distance of sixty-eight miles in thirty hours in order to join him.

General Price was not a little pleased at being joined by Harris and his forces, and received them with open arms. The two generals immediately determined to march on Fort Scott. After a tedious march they came in sight of Fort Scott—but only to learn that Generals Lane and Tennison had moved further westward with their forces; they then determined to proceed towards Lexington, as they had ascertained that some of the enemy were there encamped under Colonel Mulligan. Fremont had at this time been named by the Government at Washington

to the chief command of the Federal army in Missouri. Fremont was the very man for this post. Immediately on assuming the command he issued a proclamation, threatening every traitor to the Washington Government with the confiscation of his property, and the liberation of all his slaves.

As was to be expected, this proclamation created an intense feeling of indignation among the Southerners, and many of them left the army in order to save their property, whilst others, whose property was already greatly involved in debt, abandoned it on the plea of patriotism. The Confederate Government hastened to indemnify these latter by State bonds, and both parties became gainers by the transaction. The Government played a fatherly part, whilst the proprietors who were thus indemnified abused the Federal Government, and by extolling the Confederation, drew many persons to its standard. At the beginning of September, 1861, Generals Price and Harris, who were about to encamp, received information from spies that a detachment of Federal troops was proceeding

from Lexington to Warrensburg, a small town in the vicinity, for the purpose of bringing away the Government moneys there, and the cash at the bank, to deposit them for safety at Lexington. This news spread like lightning through the camp, and in spite of the bad weather and the length of the march, the troops got ready with the utmost haste for the expedition.

The whole brigade appeared electrified. The prospect of capturing some hundred thousand dollars worked wonders in putting the troops on their legs, and an immediate and general start was made, for fear that the booty might be lost. The men had never been so active before; indeed, the officers, although mounted, could hardly keep up with the briskly moving mass. Money is indeed a powerful magnet. Even the sick seemed to have suddenly recovered, and were not to be prevented from hurrying on with the rest in the hope of sharing the spoil.

Although the troops had been much fatigued by the late marches, this was now quite imperceptible, and indeed when some of the officers

wanted to rest they found it impracticable, as the men would not hear of dallying by the way. So on they went without stopping, until they reached Warrensburg. But here they were doomed to disappointment; the commandant of the enemy's forces had already accomplished his task the previous evening, and left the place with all valuables, breaking down the bridges behind him. The rage of the soldiers at the loss of the expected booty was indescribable, and became ludicrous when they saw the caricatures which the German soldiers of the Federal army had sketched on the walls of the houses, in anticipation of the arrival of the Confederates. On the bank itself there was an artistic charcoal drawing in crayons, representing an empty cashbox, with a Confederate soldier peeping into it. All this caused bad blood among our people, and they cried for vengeance. The poor inhabitants had to suffer in consequence, and everything eatable or drinkable that was to be found in the little town was laid hands on by the soldiers, who were famished after the exertions of their long march. The generals resolved to assemble

all their forces at this place. After a rest of two days the army moved on to Lexington, as it was known that the money had been conveyed to that place. The march was consequently willingly resumed, and on the morning following, the advanced guard came in view of the enemy's outlying pickets.

CHAPTER XX.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

General Price—Attack on Lexington—Colonel Mulligan's defence—Capitulation—Booty—Price's retreat—Secession of the State of Missouri—Fremont recalled.

AT daybreak a lively outpost skirmish commenced between the Missouri forces and the Federal troops. After a short engagement, General Price, finding that the enemy was too strong for him, ordered his men to retire and the whole army to fall back. He resolved first to await the reinforcements which had been promised him, and then to renew the attack. Like wildfire the news had spread through the country that General Price intended to make a small *razzia* to sack some cash, and hundreds flocked in to help him at this work. The numbers of the army increased hourly, and it was really

amusing to hear the new comers anxiously inquire if any booty had been made yet. On receiving a reply in the negative, their looks would brighten: they were elated at finding they had arrived in such good time. In a short time, the army of Generals Price and Harris had been increased by nearly 2000 men, and a general advance was resolved upon. The enemy's outposts were driven back, and the attacking columns approached Lexington, where the Federal troops were strongly entrenched in a position where they were secure unless attacked by very superior numbers. There was one building especially, formerly a school-house, which they had fortified with consummate skill.

General Price ordered up two batteries, and opened a heavy fire upon this post, but it was so well responded to by the Federal troops, that in all haste he ordered his batteries to retire out of range of the enemy's murderous fire. Generals Price and Harris again losing confidence, withdrew their troops and retreated to Fair-Ground, in the vicinity, there to await further reinforce-

ments and fresh supplies of ammunition. In a few days they deemed themselves strong enough to renew the attack upon Lexington.

General Rains was ordered to attack the town on the east and north-east, whilst General Porter attacked on the south side, and all the guns were at the same time to open fire on the enemy's outworks in front. Swarms of sharpshooters were sent from both divisions to annoy the enemy by a continuous fire, and to cut them off from the place which provided them with drinking water. The riflemen did their work well, and in a short time took possession of the enemy's water-station.

Immediately on arriving before Lexington, the fourth division, which in the absence of General Slack was commanded by Colonel Rivers, had been ordered to a position west of the enemy's fortifications, whilst a portion of M'Bride's and Harris's brigades was stationed near, to act in support. Colonel Rivers speedily commenced operations, and attempted to capture a steamer which was on the river, and to cut off a chance of retreat to the enemy. The Federal troops, however, poured in such a

volley upon him from a house which was used as a hospital, and which had hoisted a white flag, that he had to relinquish the attempt. Shortly afterwards, however, a detachment of Colonel Jackson's men, after a sharp engagement, captured the steamer and some small craft on the river, freighted with clothes, provisions, and ammunition, all of which things our troops stood much in need of. This capture was hailed, therefore, with great joy by our men, and spurred on their zeal. At the same time, Generals M'Bride's and Harris's troops took possession of the hills lying to the north of the building already alluded to as serving for a hospital. As soon as Colonel Mulligan, who was in command of the fort, was made aware of the presence of the Confederates, he made a *sortie*, with a view to drive them from the position they had taken. It is a pity that the Colonel had not a larger body of men at his command, for he possessed many of the requisites for an able general. He was enterprising, and always ready to make a dash at his enemy when the latter least expected it, and was beloved and respected by his soldiers.

Fortunately for us, the advantages gained by the Federal troops could not be followed up for want of men, and the Confederates, though driven back at first, recaptured the position during the day, and effected this with the very same troops that had been driven back by Colonel Mulligan.

The hilly ground was now promptly placed in a good state of defence, so that the position was rendered strong enough to withstand any attack on a large scale. On the following day General Price erected batteries, and the serious preparations made by him to bombard the fort must have caused considerable anxiety to the garrison. Cut off from all help, short of provisions, opposed to a force more than three times its number, even the bravest might feel discouraged. But Colonel Mulligan met our attacks with undaunted bravery, and when we approached too near, he sallied forth and drove us back. It was only after fifty-two hours' uninterrupted fighting, when all its means were exhausted, that Mulligan, finding his small garrison worn out by exertions, and without a chance of relief, resolved, after

holding a council of war, to hoist a white flag as a sign of capitulation. General Price at once ordered the firing to cease, and sent two of his officers to settle the conditions of surrender. The stipulations were soon made. The garrison, with their commander, were to lay down their arms and remain prisoners of war of the Missouri troops, commanded by Major-General Price.

This surrender does not cast the slightest discredit on Colonel Mulligan, his officers and men. After having exhausted all their means against an enemy three times their strength, they had no choice left but capitulation. The booty was considerable. In addition to arms, clothing, and ammunition, they took more than a million of dollars in hard cash. These dollars nearly rendered our fellows frantic, for this was the object which had induced the majority of them to take up arms against their former Government. General Price received Colonel Mulligan's sword, which he returned to him with a compliment; "I should be sorry," he said, "to see so brave an officer deprived of his sword." He offered to place Colonel Mul-

ligan on *parole*, but the Colonel declined, as he said the Government of Washington did not acknowledge Missouri as a sovereign State. General Price politely placed his head-quarters at the disposal of Colonel Mulligan and his wife, gave them up his carriage, and paid them every possible attention. It is thus that one brave man honours another, and by so doing honours himself.

The Confederate army had scarcely taken possession of Lexington, when a strong force of Federal troops showed themselves on the other bank, coming from St. Joseph, under the orders of Colonel Sturgis (of the cavalry), to support Colonel Mulligan. Had they come a few days sooner, a different result might have occurred. Colonel Sturgis, on hearing of the capitulation of Lexington, after the exchange of a few shots, returned to St. Joseph, there to form a junction with the army of General Lane.

Whilst the Confederates were celebrating the capture of Lexington, their generals in the south-western portion of Missouri sustained a series of defeats. Generals Pillow,

Horde, and M'Culloch were driven out of the field. This intelligence compelled General Price to relinquish the advantage he had gained, and to make a retrograde movement. Without losing time he commenced his retreat, and as he was badly provided with ammunition, he sent one of his aide-de-camps to Arkansas to arrange matters so that his wants should be immediately attended to, and the necessary ammunition forwarded under good escort.

General M'Culloch promised to escort the transport, but as soon as he heard of General Price's success he ordered the convoy to halt, on the ground that it might be dangerous to forward the ammunition, as General Fremont was advancing in the direction of Missouri.

Harassed on all sides, without ammunition, hated by Ben M'Culloch, General Price adopted the resolution of first reducing the extent of his army, and then of making a rapid retreat. His army before Lexington had swollen to 25,000 men; and this resolution of their honoured general gave them great pain, and they did all they could to dissuade him from the step which

he contemplated. General Price, after having designated what regiments were to accompany him, took a touching farewell of the remainder of his officers and men.

He now turned all his attention to his reformed small division. His task was not an easy one, and required good generalship. He could not count upon M'Culloch. Fremont had assembled his forces at Georgetown, whilst Sturgis was advancing from the north and General Lane from the west; and these three divisions were marching on Lexington to compel General Price to give battle. The plan was not a bad one; but General Price, fully aware of the position he was in, endeavoured to counteract the enemy's plans. He sent all his cavalry forward, and ordered them to make a demonstration on the Georgetown road, to attract General Fremont's attention in that quarter, whilst he, with his infantry and artillery, would oppose Generals Sturgis and Lane. Neither of those generals was aware that Price's large army had been reduced, and that he had now only a small portion of it under his command; hence they were too

cautious in their movements, and would not venture to undertake anything until the three divisions had approached closer to each other. Taking advantage of the slowness of the enemy, General Price made a rapid move southwards, leaving orders to his cavalry to follow him and to cover his retreat. He reached the Osage without any obstruction, and crossed that river in boats with his infantry, the cavalry swimming across. Without any loss, either in time or men, he reached the other bank in safety. In military annals, this passage of a river by 13,000 men will figure conspicuously, as it was performed without pontoons or any other facilities, and, as already stated, without the loss of a man.

General Price continued his march without delay on Neascho, where the few members of the State of Missouri held their sittings under the presidency of Governor Jackson. General Price was received with marked honour by his Government; and found his comrade in arms here, General M'Culloch, with 5000 men. The rivals met with great coolness. General Price had good reason to be dissatisfied with

Ben M'Culloch's conduct; whilst the latter's envy was aroused at Price's victorious march. The members of the Missouri Government here resolved to send two of their members to the Confederate Government at Richmond, and General Price had the honour to celebrate the formal secession of Missouri from the Union with a salvo of 100 guns. After this harmless ceremony, General Price allowed his forces a respite to recover themselves from the fatigue they had undergone, and remained here fourteen days, when he resumed his march towards Pineville in Macdonald county, there to reorganize his men.

Meantime Generals Siegel and Fremont concentrated their troops at Springfield, with the intention of putting an end to the war in Missouri. Siegel having proceeded from thence with the advanced guard to Wilson Creek, General Price ordered our troops to retire on the appearance of the enemy; but whilst about to carry out this order, our rear was attacked by Fremont's body-guard, under the command of Major Sagéný, formerly in the Hungarian service, doing us a good deal of damage, and

compelling us to accelerate our retreat. On reaching Pineville, General Price made arrangements to await General Fremont's attack, and then to leave Missouri without once more trying the chances of a battle. He well knew how to inspire his men with confidence in his plans.

And now that General Fremont had caught us, as it were, in a net, what saved us? A battle? No: the Government of Washington at this juncture deprived Fremont of his command. This caused a complete change in the enemy's plans, and allowed our generals full scope to alter their position. The Federal army was now compelled to beat a retreat, abandoning the rich district of Springfield to General Price. The latter at once took possession of it, and settled himself down comfortably for a time in the position abandoned by the enemy.

CHAPTER XXI.

RECRUITING AT RICHMOND.

Stringent measures of the Government—Price of substitutes—The New Orleans Zouaves : their ill-repute.

AFTER the unfortunate campaign in Western Virginia, and the reverses the Confederates had met with in Louisiana, Missouri, and Tennessee, the Government of Richmond resolved to take the most energetic measures to redeem its losses. A bill was passed by the Legislature, ordering all citizens, whether natives or settlers, to take service. All men capable of bearing arms, from eighteen to forty-five years of age, were called out. The Government was fully bent on being prepared for the winter campaign. Recruiting offices were established at every corner. General Wise's brigade soon received a large increase of men; for old Wise, despite his rough

manners, always shared danger and hardship with his men, and was looked up to with respect. The system of paying for substitutes was now introduced, and a regular traffic in human flesh was the result; not a sale of blacks, but of whites. A portion of the rich planters of the South were discontented with the policy of President Davis and that of his Government, and were eager to leave a service which had lost all attraction for them, and the discomforts and hardships of which had become daily more distasteful. All such endeavoured to get off, and the newspapers teemed with advertisements for substitutes, the price rising from the modest sum of 10 up to as much as 3000 dollars. Agents travelled all through the South buying up substitutes, whom they disposed of at a profit; soldiers, too, were induced to desert, and then drafted into another regiment. I know the captain of a small trading vessel, who within a fortnight disposed of himself twice in this way, and having pocketed some thousand dollars, succeeded in getting off to sea.

The Government endeavoured to put a stop to this melancholy state of affairs, but it was

too late, the evil had struck too deep a root, and could not be eradicated. However, to obviate it in some measure, the Minister of War issued a decree, proclaiming the punishment of death as the penalty of those who dealt in this nefarious traffic.

Troops of every possible description continued to arrive at Richmond to take part in the war in Virginia. It was a fine sight to see them arrive. The North Carolina troops, especially, attracted the attention of the citizens by their frank and courteous bearing. It is true they did not boast of the fine names of their Southern brethren, such as "Tigers," "Wild-cats," "Alligators," &c., their regiments being simply designated by numbers, but they were fine-looking, brave fellows. Then came the Zouave regiment of Colonel C——, formerly a noted professional gambler at New Orleans, who, when he found his trade spoilt, took to forming a regiment. With the sanction of the mayor of the city of New Orleans, he established recruiting booths in the different gaols there. Each criminal was given the option to stay out the full time of his sen-

tence, or join Colonel C——'s body-guard. Hundreds took advantage of the offer to escape from prison, and in a short time the regiment was complete. The officer's staff consisted of noted gamblers of New Orleans, and this noble band started, not to fight for their country so much, perhaps, as in the hope of a little free-booting. In their wide red breeches, blue jackets, and capped with the Turkish fez, these men, bronzed by a Southern sun, made a war-like show, and excited much attention wherever they made their appearance. It was a strange, heterogeneous corps, formed of daring men from every country; but wherever a Zouave had been seen, something or other was pretty sure to be missed shortly afterwards. Never, at any previous period, were so many robberies committed in and about Richmond as during the stay of these defenders of their country. They laid their hands upon everything that came within their reach, and were the dread of the farmers all round. The poultry of the peasantry was carried off at night; yet what were the poor Zouaves to do? the officers kept back their

pay, so they revenged themselves upon the population. It soon became necessary to assign them a separate encampment, as the officers and men of the other regiments would not mix with them. Strife and bloodshed were the order of the day, no man's life was safe who showed himself within the precincts of their encampment. Among other cases of lawlessness attributed to these men, I may mention that of a poor German gardener who lived in the vicinity, and who was compelled to abandon his house and garden, which was all he had to depend upon for his livelihood, owing to the ill-treatment he received. The Government was at last under the necessity of ordering the Zouaves to leave Richmond, and sent it to the Peninsula, where it was soon dispersed either by the enemy's bullets or through desertion.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOSPITALS OF THE WOUNDED PRISONERS.

Bad state of the hospitals — General Winter — Gross neglect of wounded prisoners—The want of surgeons—Humanity of Captain T——.

I TOOK a great interest in the fate of the poor wounded prisoners in the hospitals at Richmond,—firstly, because owing to the animosity which prevailed against the Yankees, I fancied they would not be much cared for; and, secondly, because I was aware that, even with the best intentions, the Government could not do much for so many as 30,000 wounded men. Richmond, at that time, had the appearance of a great hospital. Every public building was filled with the sick and wounded. Many of the patients had never been in action. Bad food, insufficient clothing, and want of proper attention had brought them into a

state of disease. Two surgeons to attend upon 600 patients were all I found in one hospital; happily, among the prisoners there were a few medical men who did what they could to alleviate the sufferings of their comrades. I shuddered at the spectacle I had to witness; the wounds of many had not been attended to, and maggots were eating into their flesh, whilst their clothing was stiff from clotted blood. I did what I could to improve their condition. I went from bed to bed, promising to exert all my influence in their favour, and many a poor fellow looked me his silent thanks.

I called upon General Winter to represent the case of these unfortunate men. Whilst every attention was paid to our own wounded and sick by the inhabitants, the unfortunate prisoners were allowed to rot and die. General Winter could not withstand my appeal, and promised me his assistance. I then appealed to the German and Irish population to come forward and do something for the poor prisoners, and in a few hours that appeal was responded to. I myself sent everything I

could spare from my wardrobe. Many a bottle of wine and parcel of lint, prepared by German ladies, now found their way to the hospitals, and the Irish population, with their natural goodnature, brought all the linen they could spare to the surgeons of the prisoners. When it is considered that the persons who did this ran the risk of being arrested by the secret police, the very smallest gifts rank as great sacrifices, for even a glance of pity at a poor sick enemy would have brought them under the suspicion of being traitors to their country. In a few days some sort of system was introduced into the prisoners' hospital. The sick were attended to and waited upon, received changes of linen, and were cheered with the hope of recovery. Many a tear rolled down their pale cheeks, and many a blessing was bestowed on me on the day when I took leave of them, and I left with the conviction that I had preserved the life of many a brave fellow. It is almost impossible to form an idea of the want of feeling of the population of the South. I will only mention one instance which subsequently came under my own observation.

It was after the seven days' fight before Richmond, and hundreds of wounded, friend and foe, were brought into Richmond, where for a long time they were left exposed to a broiling sun upon the platform of the railway station. I went with a friend of mine, Captain T——, son of an admiral in the Confederate fleet, to the station to render help. Owing to the destruction of the Merrimac, Captain T—— was out of employment, and was in plain clothes. Captain T—— was a fine-looking man, had travelled far, and was a perfect gentleman. When we reached the station, the greatest confusion prevailed; groups of wounded lay in all directions; a number of benevolent ladies with their black servants were distributing tea, coffee, chocolate, and broth to the wounded. I, however, soon observed that they took no notice of many of the sufferers. Some one touched my spur, and on looking down, I beheld one of those ghastly faces which can never be forgotten. It was that of a stately-looking soldier of the enemy, in full uniform. "You are a German officer," he said. "Yes, comrade," I

replied; and his eye brightened. "Then I beg of you, most earnestly," he said, "to get me a cup of coffee." Both T—— and myself immediately went up to a lady who belongs to one of the best families of the South, and who had just passed the poor fellow by, without taking any notice of him. "Madame St. ——," I said, "will you give me a cup of coffee for a wounded man?" "Oh, certainly," she said, and her servant handed me a cup. I hastened back, but whilst I was stooping down to give it to the wounded man, some one pulled me by the sleeve, and to my astonishment, it was Mrs. St. ——, who, in a harsh voice, asked me if I was aware I was helping a miserable Yankee. "No, madam," I replied, "I do not know that; but I know that he is a brave soldier, as is proved by his wounds." At the same time I gave this prejudiced woman a look of scorn, which made her beat a hasty retreat, and I then gave the coffee to the wounded man. Tears ran down his furrowed, sunburnt cheeks, and having somewhat recovered himself, he whispered to me, "I am a Swiss; I served for ten years in the Kabermatter regiment at

Naples, but never thought I should die in such a hole as this." I endeavoured to console him as best I could. Captain T—— now arrived with a basket of strawberries, and pressing some between his fingers, put them into the poor fellow's mouth. Whilst thus occupied, a man seized him by the arm, and said, "I arrest you." It was one of the police agents. Captain T—— drew himself up to his full height, "On what ground?" he said. "Because you are helping the enemy," he replied, "and all the ladies here are talking about it." "Then tell those ladies that I have been taught to practise humanity, and do not act by their standard, and if it is your intention to arrest me, you can do your vile work at the American Hotel, where I am staying. My name is Captain T——." As if he had been bitten by a snake, the miserable wretch started back, pleaded duty and the instigation of the ladies as his excuse, and went away. Captain T—— looked both at him and the ladies with contempt, and continued his attentions to the wounded soldier.

Should these pages ever fall into the hands

of Captain T——, he will see how keenly his noble conduct was appreciated by the writer, and he will, I trust, excuse that writer for pointing to him as an example of the contrast which exists between true humanity and the heartless feelings exhibited by the more prejudiced citizens of the South.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PRISONS AT RICHMOND.

Ill-treatment of prisoners of war — Foul state of the prisons—Colonel Corcoran—A contrast.

WHEN the first prisoners taken from the enemy arrived after the battle of Bethel, a certain amount of pity prevailed amongst the authorities, but this, small as it was, soon disappeared after the murderous battle of Manassas, when they were brought in in large numbers. The strictness with which they were guarded was nothing to the severity that now took place. The prisoners were locked up by hundreds, without distinction of rank—officers and men huddled together in buildings, formerly used as tobacco warehouses and factories, from three to four hundred in one room. Amongst others, the gallant Irishman, Colonel Corcoran. The foul air of the building was

enough to poison the men; but the authorities seemed to take pleasure in exercising barbarous severity, and stuck to that principle. As under a broiling sun each of the buildings alluded to was the compulsory residence day and night of 400 men, it may easily be supposed that on entering it from the open air, the stench was overpowering. To get a breath of fresh air, the prisoners had to lean against the windows, where they were stared at and often hooted by the crowd below. The feeling of humanity sank daily lower at Richmond; and brutality increased so much, that at last it even reached the better classes. Pity vanished altogether; even women, who usually are so ready to give a helping hand to a suffering fellow-creature, without inquiring who he is, became hard-hearted. Colonel Corcoran put up with this undignified treatment and the insults of the mob with the greatest courage. He was ultimately sent to Columbia, in South Carolina, where at least he found human beings, and where he was allowed to breathe fresh air without being stared at by a crowd.

How did the officers and soldiers of the United States treat their prisoners? When, in February, the greater portion of Wise's legion were made prisoners on Roanoke Island, General Burnside and his officers treated them with respect and attention. The officers of the Confederate army were allowed to go free on parole. Both officers and men of Burnside's army showed them many acts of civility, and gave them gold for their Confederate paper money, of little value there. In a few days General Burnside liberated all the prisoners on their giving their word of honour not to serve until an exchange had taken place. If either of the two Governments had a right to treat the prisoners as enemies, surely it was the United States Government, as the Southerners were the originators of this disastrous war. We were the rebellious sons of a worthy mother. She was not the cause of the war; it was we who had applied the torch and set fire to our once quiet and peaceful home.

Our men when taken prisoners were usually treated, not like convicts, but as misguided

children. But the Confederate Government, which had already despoiled the Union of so many things, now wished even to deprive its adherents of the ordinary rights of humanity and respect.

It is true that many of our officers felt the injustice of the treatment inflicted upon the prisoners, but what could they do? Orders came from head-quarters, and they were bound to obey them, for the first duty of a soldier is obedience.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CHRISTMAS EVE.

Camp life in winter—Mournful reflections—Mission of the author to Richmond—Christmas Eve spent at Petersburg : the author subsequently reminded of the event.

ON the 23rd December, 1861, I rode back after inspecting the outposts of our division of the Confederate army. It was a cold, dreary day; the snow fell in heavy flakes, so that my cloak soon had the appearance of ermine. Silently I rode along the banks of the New River, and the stillness around only seemed to make more audible the roar of the waters as they splashed over the rocks in the stream.

No joyous shout greeted me from the camp; none of the gay excitement of a soldier's life was visible. A few groups might be seen sitting silently and musingly round their watch fires, worn out and careless at what was going

on or of what might happen next; most of the men were in their huts, and everything appeared cold and cheerless. Why so? Our proud hopes of victory were for the moment at an end; we were compelled to give way before the all-powerful enemy; we were beating a retreat, and the retreat of an army, even if performed in the best order, has, as every soldier who has been at the wars well knows, something discouraging in it. Winter added to the dreariness. Here, in cold and snow, were encamped the sons of those Southern districts where the sun is always bright and warm; where the green meadows are never covered with snow or ice. Some cast dreary looks at the summit of Hawk's Nest, where the once beloved, now hostile banner of the Republic of the United States unfolded its stars to the wind. Many joyful reminiscences of home and former times were awakened in the breasts of the soldiers on beholding that flag, under whose powerful protection their own section of the community had also grown great and prosperous, and they themselves had lived in comfort. Tattered and hungry lay encamped the

sons of the South, here, in Western Virginia, deprived of their former prosperity and content, lying on the hard ground with their rifles by their side, eager to aid in lowering that flag for which their forefathers had shed streams of blood, perhaps to become, instead of free citizens, the subjects of some foreign adventurer or native despot.

My mind also was disturbed by these sad reflections ; but a soldier's heart must not brood over sorrow, and I urged my horse to a quicker pace along the river-side to rejoin my regiment. The dark night and the roaring stream were not congenial to lively thoughts ; in vain did I endeavour to recal the happy dreams of my youth, they were dispelled by darker thoughts more in keeping with the shades of the night. How could it be otherwise ? It was now thirteen years that I had been away from my native home, and now, drawn into the whirlpool of events, I found myself, almost against my will, serving in the ranks of a foreign army, and fighting for a cause with which neither my head nor heart could thoroughly sympathize.

Occupied with these rather depressing reflections, I reached my tent. I threw off my cloak and sat down by the fire; nature claimed her rights, and with a physical enjoyment which for a moment set aside mental annoyance I warmed myself at the glowing embers.

Suddenly I heard the voice of a friend calling out my name. It was General Henningsen, who soon joined me. "Here," he said, "are despatches for the Minister of War, and which must be taken by a trustworthy hand immediately to Richmond. Will you take them?" I jumped up at once, ordered a fresh horse to be saddled, shook the General warmly by the hand, and, accompanied by an orderly, set out on my mission. "Keep a sharp lookout," shouted Henningsen after me, for he knew I had resolved to take the shortest road through a defile which might probably be occupied by the enemy. A few shots, indeed, were fired at me from the heights; but, happily, owing to the darkness of the night, they missed their mark, and once through the pass we were safe.

It was only on the evening of the following day that I reached the little town of Petersburg. What a contrast it offered to the monotonous life in camp. Cheerful-looking houses, with well-lit shops, and busy people going to and fro, making purchases or looking in at the shop-windows. Merry children, with their parents, buying Christmas-gifts.

My path now took me through a dark street, where I was suddenly brought to a stand-still. It was blocked up by a detachment of soldiers.

"What's the matter here?" I shouted; "why do you stop up the road?" "We are waiting for a sure conveyance," was the reply, "to send these d—— Yankees on to Salisbury, as they cannot march any further."

I hastily got off my horse, ordered my orderly lancer to see the horses properly attended to, and accosted the prisoners. Here I found men of every nation, as is common in some regiments of the United States army. Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Frenchmen, Italians, and Irishmen, were all mixed up together, each in his own tongue trying to

describe his misfortunes, and beseeching my assistance. Many of the poor fellows lay wounded and foot-sore on the ground. It made my heart bleed to see them. What a contrast was this scene of misery to the gay shops of the town! What a Christmas Eve!

With a round English oath, I asked the officer in command of the detachment why he did not get shelter for his prisoners, for this one night, at least. He answered insolently, "That the vile dogs were not worth the trouble."

Convinced that if I was to give a distinct order it would wholly fail of effect upon so coarse a nature, and that the brutal officer would have found a hundred pretexts not to provide a shelter, I went myself in search of one, and succeeded in getting the large out-houses at the railway-station arranged as best I could; and I then ordered the lieutenant to follow me with his men.

The prisoners, who numbered about 120 men, now lay down on benches and dry sacks, sheltered, at least, by walls from the inclemency of the night. Good fires were lit, and

the railway authorities sent in food for the hungry men. I gave twenty-five dollars to two subalterns, and sent them into the town for rum, sugar, and lemons, and the courage of the poor fellows gradually revived as the hope of better days dawned within them. On my taking leave they gave me a hearty cheer.

I remounted my horse, and was off for Richmond. I had spent my Christmas Eve!

Here I must be allowed to anticipate events, by introducing an incident that some time after pleasantly recalled this Christmas Eve to my mind.

Months had passed. Heaven had protected me. I had escaped without harm from the many sanguinary engagements which, as we shall see by and by, took place in the first half of 1862, when I was suddenly attacked by the yellow fever in the swampy rice-fields of Savannah. With death in my heart, I had myself conveyed to Richmond for medical advice. The doctors were not wanting in

good counsel; but the apothecaries' stores were exhausted. By the advice of my physician, I asked for leave and a free pass to the North, where the change of climate might restore me to health. This being granted, I reached the outposts of the troops of the Union without difficulty, and received a hearty welcome from the general in command, who allowed me to continue my journey to New York unmolested. In fact, what was there to fear from a man who was more dead than alive?

I regained my health, nevertheless, in a wonderfully short time; and going down the railway one day, in No. 6 Avenue, New York, with a friend, I was suddenly addressed by a soldier with only one arm, with the question: "Are you not a colonel in the Confederate army?" "Yes, yes," I replied, hastily, fancying he wished to pick a quarrel with me, and seek revenge for his lost limb. "Well, then, Colonel," he said, "I am happy that I still have one hand left thankfully to shake yours, for I am one of the prisoners for whom you

provided a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve at Petersburg."

Much moved, I shook the brave man's left hand, and quickly left the carriage, around which a crowd had assembled.

END OF VOL. I.



